

CORADDI

Woman's College, University
of North Carolina.

MAY, 1942



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CORADDI



VOL. XLVI

MAY, 1942

No. 4

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Tide Out - Tide In

By JEAN DE SALLES BERTRAM

The body of man is as grass that flourishes for a day and withers in the sun. The wind passes over the grass, and the place knows it no more. But the thoughts and ideals and spirit of man are as the sea that swells and

expands with the incoming tide. The sea wears patterns upon shells and tosses them on the shore for those who will to preserve. And as the sea imprints patterns on shells, so the thought of Dr. Charles Duncan McIver

imprinted itself and became manifest in a physical pattern of bricks and mortar that were the McIver home, Old Brick Dormitory, Old Guilford, Administration Building,

Laundry, and Barn. But like the ever-swelling sea, new thoughts and new ideals from students and faculty members came to supplement those of Dr. McIver.

So it was that the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina grew in its physical proportions until it now stands—forty-five buildings stretching across one hundred acres.

In the early days of the college, the tide came in slowly. And embodied in the sea-change that marked the physical growth of the college was a mental and spiritual growth which has thrived as Woman's College has become "Distinguished for its

Democracy." Every student who has studied within the halls of the college has left with an impress of democracy upon her being. Sociologists, musicians, home economists, business women, journalists, and teachers have left the halls bearing the impress to the civic auditorium, the office, the school, and the home. And those who have married have seen the democratic ideal reflected in the families they have raised.

Withal the growth of the Woman's College reflects the growth of independent womanhood.

In 1892, the girls of the Normal School made little effort to assert their rights, for they were too busy being grateful for the opportunity to receive an education. But the waves piled high, and the tide swept in faster each year.

Came the World War and the students of Woman's College (Continued on page 32)

Contributors

Those who place new emphasis upon the state decline to place emphasis on the individual, but it is the individual who creates and so makes a contribution to the state and to the world. It is with this thought that we devote a page to the creative writers who contribute to the Fiftieth Anniversary issue of CORADDI.

Saying farewell in this issue are Jean Bertram and Ruth Heffner. As joint authors of *Campus Crisis No. III*, Ruth and Jean end their work on the magazine. Ruth will work in a publishing house next year; Jean is to be a local reporter for a state newspaper. The new editor and her staff wish good luck to Ruth and Jean.

CORADDI does not ignore the position of the negro in Southern life: in the story *Golden Slippers* Jayne Bready pictures the negro in relation to North Carolina laws. Planning to enter business after another year of study, Jayne spends her spare time sailing and collecting old books.

In Betsy Saunders' *Portrait of A Builder* Dr. McIver becomes a living man. A rising senior house president, Betsy has, for three years, been concerned about the fact that Dr. McIver did not seem real to most of the girls who have come to Woman's College since his death. Working with Betsy in gathering material for the article was Elizabeth Newton, who might well be dubbed CORADDI'S official 1941-42 research staff member.

In *Campus Patchwork* new editor Margaret Jones presents a composite picture of the college decade by decade and of the changing attitudes of the college girls as reflected in the college magazine throughout the years. Margaret sent out letters to all the former editors of CORADDI and interviewed numerous faculty members in order to secure her material.

Originally founded for the education of North Carolina girls, the Woman's College has come to offer education to out-of-state girls, too. The impression which Woman's College has left on a New York state student after eight months as a freshman is depicted in *A Northerner Discovers the South* by Marg Wheeler.

With this issue two poets write their last lines for CORADDI—Nancy O'Brien and Betty Walker. Nancy has been our most versatile contributor this year, and we shall surely miss her next year. Although Betty appears in CORADDI for the first

time this year, she offers two contributions to the last issue—a poem, "White Dust," and a story, *The Will of God*. Both Nancy and Betty plan to teach next year.

Recipient of the Winfield Scholarship for 1941-42, Mary Ann Scott has given a fine literary criticism of two modern sonneteers. Mary Ann is also intensely interested in W. H. Auden. For the past four years she has been the college correspondent for the *Winston-Salem Journal*.

CORADDI'S proof reader turned creative. For your pleasure she offers *Canned Sentiment*. An avid reader of greeting cards, Frances Glaze has commented on every type of greeting from Welcome the New Baby to Happy Birthday.

An integral part of this college which trains teachers is Curry High School. For the first time Curry is represented in CORADDI. Believing that only those things are beautiful which are sad, Clark Burritt has created a mood of gloom in *The Way Out*. Clark plans to go to South America in four years as an engineer. Definitely prolific, Bill Lithgo has already written a novel. His *Doing The Dirty Work* shows his ability in the narrative technique. Next year Bill will study in the Vick Chemical Company.

Feeling like the small-time comedy actor who always wanted to do Shakespeare, Doris Sharpe at last shows CORADDI readers her more serious side in a criticism, *The Luminous Halo*. She has not, however, disillusioned faith in her sharp-witted essays: read her *Critique of Pure Unreason*, for which Doris wishes to make acknowledgments to Paul Elmer More's "The Demon of the Absolute."

To give an idea of the activities of men in the service CORADDI prints excerpts from letters of soldiers all across the country. The material in *From Camp to Campus* was compiled by Constance Sweeney who solicited the aid of many of Woman's College girls who correspond with soldiers.

Ann White reminds us of our high school days in *Pink Stars*. A sophomore English major, Ann has succeeded in getting into the mind of the leading character, Alfreda, who never stopped looking through rose-colored glasses and gazing at pink stars.

THE FORGOTTEN MAN

EDITOR'S NOTE: In this commencement address given by Mr. Page in 1897 is interpreted the place of our college in the nation. Excerpts are reprinted because his interpretation is still applicable today.

By Walter Hines Page

IN making an estimate of a civilization it is the neglected and forgotten man more than any other that must be taken into account. When you build a house, you make the foundation the strongest part of it, and the house, however ornate its architecture, can be no stronger than the foundation. In considering the level of the life of any community, you must not give undue value to any class of men. A community is not rich because it contains a few rich men; it is not healthful because it contains a few strong men; it is not intelligent because it contains a few men of learning; nor is it of good morals because it contains good women—if the rest of the population also be not well-to-do, or healthful, or intelligent or of good morals. The class that we sometimes call the common people is the class most to be considered in the structure of civilization. Moreover in proportion as any community in the organization of its society or in the development of its institutions lays emphasis on its few rich men, or its few cultivated men, it is likely to forget and to neglect the foundations of its health. It is not these small classes that really make the community what it is, that determine the condition of its health, the soundness of its social structure, its economic value, and its level of life. The security and soundness of the whole body are measured at last by the condition of its weakest part . . .

The first conception of education was the aristocratic conception; it was the old system of class education. It did not touch the masses of the people. They had no part in it. They grew up with the idea that education was a special privilege; they did not aspire to it, did not believe that it was attainable; and at last they come to believe that it was not desirable, certainly that it was not necessary. They remained illiterate, neglected, forgotten. There was no substantial progress in broadening educational opportunities in North Carolina from the time of the colony till the beginning of the Civil War, except the noteworthy and noble work that was done just before the war to develop a public school system. This effort gives us good reason to hold those who make it—chief among whom was Calvin H. Wiley—in grateful remembrance . . .

[North Carolina schools] do not rank with the best institutions of most of the other original thirteen States—of Virginia, nor of New Jersey, nor of New York, nor of Connecticut, nor of Massachusetts. [Failure of the North Carolina schools is acknowledged in the emigration from the state.] In 1890 there were living in other States 293,000 persons who were born in North Carolina. One in eight of every native of the state then living had gone away. When we remember that almost every one of those emigrants went to states where taxes were higher and schools were more numerous and better and where competition is more fierce, and when we remember that they went away from the state that is yet sparsely settled and richer in natural opportunities than the state to which most of them went, the failure of these systems becomes tragically obvious. [Furthermore] in 1890, twenty-six per cent of the white persons of the state were unable even to read and write. One in every four was wholly forgotten. But illiteracy was not the worst of it; the worst of it was that the stationary social condition indicated by generations of illiteracy had long been the general condition. The forgotten man was content to be forgotten. He became not only a dead weight, but a definite opponent of social progress. He faithfully heard the politicians on the stump praise him for virtues that he did not always have. The politicians told him that he lived in the best state in the Union, told him that the other politician had some hair-brained plan to increase his taxes, told him as a consolation for his ignorance how many of his kinsmen had been killed in the war, told him to distrust anybody who wished to change anything. What was good enough for his fathers was good enough for him. Thus the forgotten man became a dupe, became thankful for being neglected. And the preacher told him that the ills and misfortunes of this life were blessings in disguise, that God meant his poverty as a means of grace, and that if he accepted the right creed all would be well with him. These influences encouraged inertia. There could not have been a better means to prevent the development of the people . . .

(Continued on page 37)



GOLDEN SLIPPERS

By Jayne Bready

LUKE shuffled to the door and looked absently out on the humid world. The sun was not hot yet, but the air lay in still dryness. His fingers drummed impatiently on the door frame as he looked around the bare yard. The lone remaining shade tree had died during the winter, and only a few dwarf leaves tufted it around the top. He had cut the other trees down for firewood long ago. The red clay earth had been baked in the sun and crumbled in a thin layer of dust that coated everything. A yellow hound dog stirred, looked stupidly at Luke, and then lolled lazily back in the dust.

With staring eyes, Luke turned and went back into the gloom of the cabin. He stubbed his toe on the curled shoe lying on the floor. Mumbling, he kicked it with his other foot. He slumped down on the bunk and stared at the shoes. They were twisted and split and mud-caked. He thought of the shoes the ladies in town had given him . . . black shoes, brown shoes, white shoes. They had all been too small, and he had had to cut the sides to wear them. His lips moved sullenly as he remembered the hot days he had worked and the pay he had received for the work . . . old clothes, food, or an odd quarter here and there. His lips pouted and his eyes focused intently as he saw a nightmare of prim white ladies standing in a row with shoes in their hands.

Luke's eyes blinked moistly and his lips relaxed, as he remembered a pair of shoes he had seen in a window on Trade street last summer. Their yellow tops were not a dull tan, but gleamed in the sun like gold. The wing tips were wide, and there were little holes designed over the tops. Luke had wanted the shoes for a year, but he never seemed to have enough money to buy them.

Still dreaming of the shoes, he shuffled over to the mantel and took down a cracked shaving mug.

He dumped three quarters, four dimes, and two nickles noisily on the table. One dollar and twenty-five cents. He needed but a little over twice that much to buy the yellow-topped shoes. He mumbled the tune of "When the Saints Go Marching In" as he eased himself down on the bunk to relieve his aching feet.

At noon, when the world was shadowless and sweltering, Luke heard the rumble of Mrs. Creegar's car in the lane. His steps did not quicken with the persistent blowing that split the country air, but shuffled as usual. As he rounded the corner of the house, she stuck her head out the window and glanced at him. Her tone was patronizing.

"Hello, Luther."

"Jes fine, ma'm. Jes fine."

She swallowed and drew her arm from the car window as he approached. Then she smiled and thrust a pair of shoes out the window, only holding them with her thumb and index finger.

"I have something for you here, Luther. A perfectly good pair of shoes that Mr. Creegar hasn't worn over half-a-dozen times. Shadrack wanted them for cleaning the car last week, but I thought you would appreciate them more."

A smile spread into a row of white fangs on Luke's face, and he caught the shoes just as she dropped them.

"Yas'm ma'm . . . Thankee ma'm. Yas'm," he said.

"Aren't they nice?" she went on. "The little holes in the bottoms are where golf cleats used to be, but they won't hurt anything. I thought you might like them to wear to church."

Luke investigated the soles of the shoes suspiciously at her mention of cleats, but the shoes were tan and still had a little of the newness about them.

"Yas'm. Yas'm," he assured her.

Mrs. Creegar bloomed under the worship his gleaming eyes bestowed upon her. She went on.

"Well, I hope you can use them, because they are Arch . . . they are real good shoes, and it would be a shame for them to just lay around the house and not be worn."

Mrs. Creegar dismissed the shoes and her smile in the same moment. She lowered her voice to an explaining tone.

"Now, Luther, the shrubs around my yard have got to be dug around, and I want some rocks moved for a rock garden. You come into town day-after-tomorrow, that's Friday; and we'll get that work done."

Luke looked at the shoes in his hands. Then his hurt eyes searched Mrs. Creegar's face. She hesitated and then added:

"Oh, I'll pay you for the work, Luther. I'll give you some money along with the shoes."

Luke's eyes lighted up and his black mouth crinkled at the corners. He reassured her that he would be there bright and early on Friday.

Luke watched the cloud of dust that twirled after Mrs. Creegar's car. His muffled voice sang of golden slippers to climb the golden stairs, and he glanced down the road to the weather-beaten church that barely jutted over the horizon. Spittle moistened his opened mouth as he stood transfixed and sang.

Saturday morning dawned bright, but Luke rose dejectedly to meet the day. He limped over to the door and looked out. A deep-throated yawn stretched his lips and he blinked his eyes in the bright sun. He had slept little. He went over to the mantel, took down the shaving mug, and carried it to his bunk. There was a dollar and twenty-five cents there; four dimes, two nickels, and three quarters, just as there had been on Wednesday.

He stretched out and propped his feet on the foot of the bunk. The golf shoes caught his eye, and he looked at them with crumpled brow. The slits he had made in the sides had spread. The leather was not strong enough to hold his feet. He stared blankly at them, his lower lip drooping and dry, as he fingered the coins in the mug. The forty-five cents Mrs. Creegar had given to him was just enough to buy corn meal, fat back, and a plug of chewing tobacco. The coins clinked dully against the sides of the cup as he pushed it aside.

As he lay thus, the full notes of a whistled "blues" song drifted through the open cabin door. Luke turned and seemed to watch the notes as they floated across the sun patch on the floor.

The high-pitched tone of a negro voice called him and he got up.

A meager, sharp-faced Negro leaned against the dead tree in the yard and grinned teasingly at him. It was Leroy Price, who worked on the farm down the road and always spent more money than his job paid. His blue coat and white cap blotted on the green landscape. Luke thought Leroy was the "Sportiest nigger" in the county, and he envied him.

"What'cha know, Luke? Cum on tu tawn wid me. Goin in tu raise a li'l Hell. Sat'dy night, ya know," the little Negro whined.

Luke's eyes wandered over the white cap, the striped shirt, and the draped trousers, but did not light up until they came to Leroy's shoes. A large pair of yellow-topped shoes jutted out from the tiny ankles of Leroy's pants. They had wide wing tips and gleamed like gold in the sunlight. Luke's gaze stuck to the shoes as his dull expression vanished. He muttered.

"Aw now, caint do dat. Gotta sabe ma money. Gon'ta buy me some ob dem shoes soon. Some yaller-topuns. Seed em in tawn last summa. Goin tu git em."

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Editorials

INTERMISSION

With the turning in of the last blue book on the last day of examinations there begins for undergraduates a three-months intermission between semesters of college work. And whether that intermission be worthwhile at the same time that it be relaxing will depend upon the use that each makes of her interlude. Woman's College students acknowledge that as they make plans to leave this house of learning and return to the world outside, they are becoming aware of the full import of the victory campaign and of the preparation for peace. All agree that the defense of their nation demands they not loaf away their summer in idleness.

A few admit that since most of their friends are working for national defense and consequently have little time to play, they, too, will seek work in an effort to escape boredom. Others are frankly out to get money: increased costs of living and of education have made employment a necessity for many. Boredom and necessity may spur these summer workers to offer creditable service in various positions. But there is something more to be gained from the jobs than a pay check or a chance to forget about oneself. Those who work behind a counter in a department store will learn the value of a pleasing approach. Those who are instructors at a camp will learn a self-reliance that comes from guiding others. Those who work in the fields cannot fail to draw a certain strength of spirit from the soil. Above all, every girl who works this summer will learn to take orders and to do as she is told.

After the intermission students will come back to this Woman's College with a broader concept of the actual than when they left. Their intellectual work will reflect a depth of character and a perspective that comes from dealing with the real and fundamental. To many the change may not be obvious: usually changes slip upon one gently, naturally. But there will be a change and a richness—a richness that will pour itself from the individual back into the nation from which it sprang, a richness that will toughen the fiber and augment the culture of America.

—J.D.S.B.

INAUGURAL

Next year I will be editor of CORADDI. Upon my shoulders there will be a great deal of responsibility. I will have to make decisions, and these decisions will not be my decisions alone. They will have to be the decisions of the student body of Woman's College. I shall never attempt to maintain that my judgment is always the best judgment. Just because I think a thing is right or wrong, or bad or good, is not enough. Other students of Woman's College must support me in the decisions that I make about the magazine.

I do not believe in faculty censorship, but I do realize that the faculty has the gift of wider and greater experience than I could ever, by any degree of misapprehension, think that I have. Many of them have watched the CORADDI develop from year to year over a long period of time. What these faculty members have to say will be invaluable. I shall be open to advice from all members of the faculty at all times.

As editor of CORADDI, I will be called upon to choose the material that goes into the magazine, but the real worth of the material is in the hands of the student body. There is no mysterious magic key to writing. Good writing follows from a desire to write. There are many girls on this campus who have up their sleeves the pens that can write into CORADDI a firm, full interpretation of life as they see it. Many of these girls have never contributed to CORADDI. I want these girls to loosen up their sleeves, and I shall encourage them to do so.

CORADDI as the magazine of Woman's College has a difficult role to play. It has a definite role. It must give the students what they want and also what they should want. It is my duty to try to make these two principles occur together in the magazine. The *Carolinian* comprehends the activities of the college from week to week. The *Pine Needles* assimilates the year's work of the college. The college magazine also has a definite place to fill. It must see that the literary efforts of the campus are realized. It must publish for the students a comprehensive grasp of the major

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PORTRAIT OF A BUILDER

McIver was so very much alive that a picture of him could never be adequate. In prose, however, something of McIver the man can be shown.

By Betsy Saunders

CHARLES DUNCAN MCIVER ignored the man who said that "dreams are as mists in the night" and proceeded to introduce and demonstrate his own theory of living and dreaming. McIver dreamed of a school for women—a democratic seminar where young women from all stations of life might mingle and work together in a mutual search for knowledge. He was frequently ridiculed and slandered for entertaining such an illusion. His friends told him in no uncertain terms that women belonged in their respective parlors and kitchens rather than in schools. But this man had envisioned the awakening of Southern womanhood. His mind was filled with the dream of a new South headed by intelligent men and educated women, whose children would attend good schools and skilled teachers. It was to this dream that Charles Duncan McIver dedicated his life.

From the rugged Isle of Skye, largest of the Hebrides, came young Evander McIver, grandfather of Charles. Evander was only eight years old when he landed in the new world and made his home in the sandhills of North Carolina. Already he carried proudly the marked traits of the Highland Scotch—love of liberty, respect for law and order, desire for education. In the difficult pioneer years that followed, he persistently attended to the growth and development of these characteristics in his own family, and it was in Matthew, Charles' father, that Evander McIver saw his hopes realized. Matthew McIver was a courageous man. He bore bravely the terrible days of the Reconstruction, for the Civil War had dealt heavily with him. After the armistice, he had only his land left—the tattered remnants of a once prosperous plantation.

Charles McIver was born into the period of great building and new hopes. Whether it was during this time that he attained his startling vigor and energy, or whether such men are sent to the world in its time of need, one cannot know. A neighbor once said, "The boy was a great help to his father, who insisted on two things for his sons: first, to attend regularly the best school within reach; second, to work on the farm on Saturdays and during vacation. Saturday was a hard working day for young Charles. He escaped no kind of farm labor, from planting, harvesting,

splitting rails, mending the gap, log-rolling, corn shucking, piling brush, and digging ditches, to plowing a deaf mule in new ground with a bull-tongue plow." The boy loved work, for he seemed to find a certain strength in the soil. He was a simple country lad whose only education was attained at a private school, operated by the McIver family for all the young people of the neighborhood.

In the summer of 1877, Charles shocked his family by announcing that he intended to continue his education at the University rather than at Davidson, where all of the other McIver boys had gone. Realizing that if he went to Davidson he would be with the same Scotch-Presbyterians that he had known all of his life, Charles dared to break a family tradition in order to make new acquaintances. One hot June morning, Mr. McIver, the elder, Charles, and three of his cousins whom he had persuaded to join him, set out to place their applications for entrance into the University. Chapel Hill was overrun with parents and friends of graduating students that day. On hearing that Zebulon Vance was to be the speaker of the afternoon, Charles' father was anxious to hear the address. Reluctantly the boys followed the elder McIver down to the auditorium. The other boys were rather bored, but Charles listened intently to Mr. Vance's comments on the educational needs of the South. This was probably the first time that the problem had been brought directly to his attention.

The following fall, Charles went to school. He roomed with Alton McIver, a cousin, for four years. The boys divided the duties of caring for their room in old West Dormitory; and when one of them failed to perform his tasks, he paid a fine. At the end of each week, they voted on what to do with the fine money—usually they bought oysters. The cousins worked so diligently at their studies that four years later, at their graduation, they shared honors in Latin and Greek. Charles McIver, while in school, was the quiet, strong leader that he was in later life. At the time he did no public speaking, but he was the leader of many private discussions. Nobody could bear any malice against him, as shown by Professor J. Y. Joyner, a former schoolmate who tells this story:

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Campus Patchwork

By Margaret Jones

1892-1900

IN the latter part of the nineteenth century, State Normal and Industrial College arose on the outskirts of the city limits of Greensboro. Not eight houses were in sight from the campus. The old Infirmary, which is now known to Woman's College students as Little Guilford, was erected at the turn of the century. Of great interest and speculation to all the faculty and students were two wonderful puddles in the dirt of unpaved Spring Garden Street. No shiny white boots crossed the muddy streets. No gay silk umbrellas bobbed around the deep puddles. The broken-down surries and pathetic horses occasionally hired by the faculty of ten "choked down" and became stuck in the deep mud of the two big puddles. One winter a load of wood remained stuck there for several weeks—and not a stick of wood was stolen. When the trees were bare of leaves, the tower of Greensboro College might be seen.

Eleanor Watson Andrews, editor of *CORADDI* from 1899 to 1900, speaks of the work of the magazine during those years:

... at that time we published a number of articles dealing with new careers opening for women, notably medicine. It seems strange now with all professions so wide open to us that at that time, so comparatively recent, teaching was almost the only career women thought much about. Oh yes, we were beginning to go into offices, but there was still a feeling in some homes that such a step was dangerous.

From the simple little June number of the magazine for 1900 came, I believe, our college annual . . .

And one article we published—it also came out in the state paper and was quoted—was the commencement address of Walter Hines Page on "The Forgotten Man." What a howl went on!

1900-1910

McIver Building rose from foundations to reality about the middle of this decade. A good building it was. Running from Spring Garden north to Walker Avenue there was a high board fence just beyond McIver Building. The land beyond the fence was not yet a part of the college property. Several houses, a corn field, some little

sheds, and occasional flowers and vegetables stood where students now attend chapel in Aycock Auditorium and work through Bach and Wagner in the Music Building.

On Monday mornings the rising sound of Negroes singing could be heard back of McIver Building. Old Negro women bent over black pots of clothes and later scrubbed with tin washing boards the long, heavy clothes of students of State Normal College. There was a great deal of laundering done in those days.

Where Curry Building stands now there was an open field in which small boys swatted baseballs and yelled "strike" or "safe on base."

In charge of the grounds there was a Mr. Brown, distinguished from the Mr. Brown of the music faculty as Mr. "Horticulture" Brown. It was he who drained the swamp in front of McIver and planted the beeches, maples, and birches that grow there today. A conservatory for grapes was also cared for by Mr. "Horticulture" Brown near McIver Building. Furthermore, he instigated the building of two gravel walks through the park. The walks were called Observation Road and Sunset Drive. Late in the afternoon the girls would walk down and view the sun as it dropped out of sight from Sunset Drive.

A mineral spring—very rich in iron—was carefully tended in the place where red and white Esso signs now flap in the wind across the street from Aycock Auditorium.

At that time the athletic field was in the region of the quadrangle, where there were as yet no dormitories. Tall pine trees grew there in deep white sand. The dairy barn was in that vicinity, and beyond it cattle roamed across the hills where the lake is now.

Helen Hicks Beems, co-editor of *CORADDI* with Elizabeth W. Hicks from 1905 to 1906:

If I remember right, the student body (there were five hundred students at the time) were very responsive to the magazine and I believe almost everyone took it. I remember going around at study hour, with special permission, (we observed this study hour with fear and trembling when I was a student) to secure subscriptions for the magazine. When we were editors we wrote our articles in our rooms and passed them along to the business manager and Mr. T. Gilbert

Pearson who assembled them and had the magazine printed. We had no regular office and rarely met as a body.

Zeke was the universal factor in those days; and after the college was burned, and Dr. McIver was hastening to the scene, he was met at the train by Zeke. When Dr. McIver asked him if all the girls were saved, Zeke answered, "I don't know about the girls, but they saved a mighty heap of trunks."

Laura Weill Cone: editor of CORADDI from 1909 to 1910:

In my day—1910—we were very serious about our literary efforts. We drew to a large extent for our material, on departmental papers that students had to prepare, and we had the faculty contribute also. There was no alumnae magazine in those days, and we tried to get a large alumnae mailing list, and we included news items of interest to the alumnae to further this end.

Edna Clare Bryner, of the English Faculty, was one of our advisers. She afterwards gained some recognition as a novelist and short story writer in what was then considered a very modern form.

Mildred Harrington has been successful in her contributions to magazines. She has achieved more widespread recognition than any of our group.

Rose Batterham has been for many years a member of the staff of a New Bedford, Massachusetts, paper.

We were too conventional, too serious and not at all original in both our attitude and our writing. But one thing we did do. We instituted an editorial page that debated student problems. I believe this was the first time that the magazine gives evidence that the students were doing some independent thinking about the problems of campus life. We asked for, and presented the reasons for our asking to, student government. We did not get it, but within two years the plan was being tried. We also raised the question as to whether the societies should be maintained as secret organizations. Our point of view on this question proved the worth of our intentions.

Lolar Lasley Dameron was editor-in-chief from 1908 to 1909. A letter from her:

At that time we called the magazine "The State Normal Magazine," and I recall that the members of our staff were a congenial "lot." But it would seem that we did not take our duties too seriously, as I do not recall that any one of my associates has followed journalism as a life-work.

We published the magazine every two months and three editors were elected from the Adelpian Society, and three from the Cornelian—four seniors and two juniors, and the juniors became the editors-in-chief the following year.

Certainly we thought we had some very good articles; but of course everything was on a much smaller scale at that time.

I have before me the March 1908 number, and some of the subjects do not seem so much out of date, after all. The first article is entitled "The Need for Industrial Training in the Public Schools." That sounds right up-to-date. Another article bears the title "The Life-Saving Service on our Coast." That too might soon be up-to-date. Another article is entitled "The Fine Art of Fishing." If fishing is indeed a fine art, then I had the luck to marry an artist. Still another piece is called "The Legend of Lover's Leap." The girls of today appear to be more or less interested in that sort of "leap," as witness the Sunday papers.

1910-1920

In this decade the quadrangle was still empty of buildings, and beyond the dairy barn there yet stretched thick woods. There was only an occasional house on West Market Street extension.

One glimpse down the long hall of Spencer dormitory was enough to overpower one with amazement. The hall is still long, and the building on the outside looks much the same as it did then.

Dinner was an experience in those days. After the blessings were said there was a grand rush as one girl from each table was sent to the serving window for food; then she hurried back to see if there were any refills. Spencer was the only dining room on the campus.

On Sunday mornings the girls came down College Avenue in long Hobble skirts to take street cars for church. There were no busses down the avenue and only an occasional car.

All classes closed Friday at noon, and the library was not open on Saturday. Over the weekend the campus was practically a no-man's land because no dates were permitted except on week nights. No students entertained in their own dormitories, but all dates were held in a small parlor in Spencer.

Ethel Bollinger Keiger, editor of the magazine from 1912-1913:

Martha Winfield, my beloved instructor in English, and Edna Claire Bryner, instructor in a short-story course, inspired my literary efforts. Miss Winfield with delicate humor and gentle sarcasm used to first show us the error of our ways, and then with rare ability to encourage and lead onward, would help us to produce something that was really worthwhile. Miss Bryner used to have small selected groups of students to come to her apartment where, over the tea cups, we held delightfully intimate chats about our literary hopes, fears and ambitions.

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CAMPUS CRISIS NO. III

TIME FOR EDUCATION?

Does the youth of 1942 have time for an education? That is a question which college women have been raising since the seventh of December. War demands that each resolve this crisis for herself, yet the decision involves consequences of universal import. The victory campaign requires of women an immediate service; preparation for peace requires preparation for future service. Therefore, does the destiny of college-age women lie in learning merely to screw bolts into a new airplane? in learning merely to coordinate muscles in driving an ambulance? Or does the destiny of college-age women lie in carrying on experiments in chemical laboratories? in training as teachers that can prepare and guide youth for an intelligent role in the world of After-War?

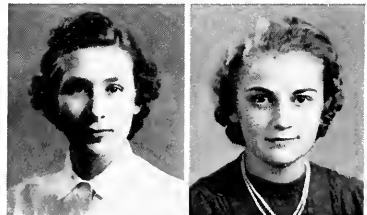
WHAT IS THE USE?

When college graduates accept defense jobs sorting mail at thirty-five and forty dollars a week, undergraduates pause to wonder WHAT IS THE USE? A college education does not offer training in sorting mail, so why spend hundreds of dollars just to get a little high-brow learning? But these undergraduates must also consider: what is the mail clerk to do after the war? The men who come back from war must be placed in industry and professions again. Always reconstruction has been difficult because the nation has not concerned itself with this phase of war until the victory was won. In World War II, however, our government is looking forward to the aftermath. The men who come back physically and mentally fit may have their old jobs without question. Furthermore many of the defense jobs which women are taking over are totally dependent upon the war. And what will become of the women working on projects that will close with the close of the war? After women are no longer needed in operating machines, they will be needed in directing society's thought from the mundane to the cultural.

OBLIGATION TO THE FUTURE

Have those who raised the question: do we have time for an education? considered the problem: IF WOMEN LEAVE THEIR EDUCATION NOW WILL THEY BE ABLE TO TRAIN INTELLIGENTLY THE CHILDREN OF THE NATION, THE SONS OF THE PRESENT DEFENDERS OF LIBERTY, TO MEET THE PROBLEMS OF THE WORLD IN THE FUTURE? As the mothers of the next generation, college women have a certain obligation to the children of tomorrow. Wholesome families are raised by parents who have a cultural as well as a practical background. But aside from raising families, there are books to be written, music to be composed, art to be drawn, dance to be presented to interpret to the members of civilization a broader and more expansive culture that will enrich the generations and the very universe that stand after us. During the war, women are being called upon to aid in preserving what this nation believes to be worthwhile. But after the war, women will be the natural leaders in building up what this generation is tearing down.

MORAL: With summer vacations in which to contribute immediate services, youth should not find four years too long to spend in gaining an education that will shape the destiny of the world.



Ruth and Jean

A NORTHERNER *discovers the South*

By Marg Wheeler

IN a day when every journalist who sets foot in Moscow, Madrid, or Madagascar feels called upon to produce a keyhole view, I feel somewhat justified in attempting to write about the South. My only qualification, however, is this: I have lived for seven months on a college campus in one section of the vast South.

To see the trees of the South is to meet its people. Graceful, friendly, well-mannered, leisurely-spreading, and easy to look at, they personify the Southerner. In Maine the scrub pine clings stingily to its niche on a barren rock-face, hostile and defiant. The willows in Iowa hide themselves in long modest curtains weeping close to the ground; they flourish in creek beds at the ends of hot cornfields and are generous with shade and mosquitoes. In Rockefeller Center an enormous fir tree strung with gay lights stretches toward the dark night sky, and artificial-looking maples parade along Fifth Avenue, popping out of the baking sidewalks at regular intervals; but all the New York landscape has a stage-prop quality about it. The Southern trees are cordial, gracious, charming. They are the advance guard of the traditional hospitality. From the moment I first noticed the quaint distinguished pines in front of our dormitory. I had unknowingly succumbed.

I have never understood why prosaic proprietors of tourist homes persist in naming their lodging-places "Twin Oaks," "The Pine Grove," and, most unimaginative of all, "The Maples." It seems to me that this lack of originality becomes unpardonable in a section of country possessing such intriguing tree names as hornbeam, red-bud, linden, and locust, laurel, persimmon, black-jack, and buckeye, sweetgum and sycamore, mimosa, magnolia. These names have become friendly ones. Whatever else about this land I lose sight of, the trees of the South will enchant me.

In the accent of the Southerner I find expressed the same cordiality extended by the trees, the same leisurely-spreading quality, as if the speaker were talking because he enjoyed it, not merely to "get something across." Though I for some reason stubbornly refuse to contract the habit, I like "hey" as a greeting instead of "hi." The first

is drawing, unfinished, conducive to stopping and chatting; the second, brusque, lively, curt, hello-but-I'm-in-a-hurry.

But Southerners are not in a hurry. They savor life too much to want to make anything of it. They never appear to have a destination when they walk. In fact, they don't walk—they stroll, dawdle, loiter, poke, dilly-dally, potter along unconcernedly. Think of all the time they waste! It is positively unnerving to a Northerner used to seeing people hustling along with jutting chins, eyes glued toward some momentary Mecca, and well-trained elbows inured to jostling, aggressive crowds in the subway or Macy's bargain basement. Southerners seem to key their tempo to the tortoise's; and, eventually, they arrive. All in all, their languor is rather disarming.

With Southern trains this lassitude is not quite so charming. Nothing gets a Yankee's dander up more than squatting on a suitcase in a stuffy station. He glares alternately at the track, at his watch, and at the indifferent station crew pattering lazily about the platform as if the Crescent had not already been due an hour and fifteen minutes. "As soon as we hit Washington," the disgruntled passenger-to-be will mutter to his companion, "you'll see. The good old Northern trains will be right on the dot, and we'll make up the difference in no time. Take it from one who knows!" he vows to his friend, upon whose lips he senses a silent prayer for the management of the Southern trains: "Lord, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Maybe it's the weather. Even the spring arrives in a gentle, unhurried moderation. It doesn't burst upon me and leave me breathless and wondering; it sidles up leisurely and renders me drowsily content and unreasonably happy with life. It isn't the creative sort of time that spring in the North has always been; no quickening of the impulses, no imperceptible sensation of embryo ideas struggling to penetrate the topsoil of the mind. Spring fever in the South is a torpid, abortive spring fever, but it's an incomparably comfortable way of having the disease. The trouble is, once I've been in Carolina in the spring, I know I'll never be immune to it.

(Continued on page 37)

Poems

WALK NOW BY THE FRAGILE WILLOWS

By NANCY O'BRIEN

*Walk now by the fragile willows
and through their diaphanous veil
see the thick, brown, river-water
that sleeps still as it flows.
Curtain with words opaque
the greys and the browns of your soul
Pervert in reflected lights
the verities of form. But
with plaster, distortion, perversion,
with curtains to veil your repose,
you are still as the waving willows
that would hide how the river flows.*

WHITE DUST

By BETTY WALKER

*Your hands were moths
that fluttered at my mind's window.
I let them enter
and they softly,
silently,
tore my soul into shreds.*

*Fake dawn pretends to wash
the sky
and leaves a pale, wet streak
across one corner of the night.
False hope pretends to heal
the wound and leaves a bleeding gash
across one corner of your smile.*

*I slipped on a wet streak of moonlight
and fell on the cool floor of dawn;
seven stars gathered the white dust of my pain
and fed it to the ravenous winds.
The silver fingers of rain massaged my brow
and bound my wounds in the thin gauze of a
cloud—
I slept.*

BREATH OF DAY

By GLORIA TINFOW

*Today is a bombed city:
severed bodies—parted families—the blood
and groans of the dying.
Today is the product of yesterday;
for out of the peace of yesterday comes a word
whirring over the 'phones of cities,
whizzing through an endless web of wire
that reaches into the farthest corner of the land.
People search their fellow's faces,
finding no solace,
they turn their bewildered eyes above.
Ceaselessly they work:
bend, shovel, rivet, plan, hammer,
think, saw, dream, build, fight.
Their hearts forget today
as their eyes see tomorrow.
The wind and the waves know their secret,
why they hammer till their hands are scarred.
Men no longer rest;
machines no longer cease to run;
lights never go off;
the cities never sleep.
Until men can rest,
until machines can pause,
until lights can fade,
the night will never end.*



PASSING WINDS

By GRACE ESTEP

*A restless wave had half engulfed my world
And all the airs hung heavy,
Pressing on my brain with time that passed
In maddening continuity—ever pressing
As though within the span of one sheer phrase of time
Eternity was called upon to pass a judgment
On a traded heart, a sadness, and a haunted song—
the sun of all my living.
My fingers longed to tear the air and time into a thousand
shreds and throw them on the wings of passing winds,
Leaving my soul to die in an ecstasy of quietness.
All the heated turmoil of a life on fire with eagerness
for living
Burned within me . . . burned out.
And I could see
No end and no beginning,
Only an intangible present—undefined.*

*Out of the darkness that surrounded me
And all the fear of space and fear of dreaming
I heard you laugh.*

*Perhaps the softness drowned out the roaring of the
silence—
Perhaps the low, deep-sounded smile unstrung taut nerves—
Perhaps the tender, half-amusing way your parted lips
made laughter in the air
Dispelled the weary calm of unforgotten madness
And tear-stained sadness.*

*I saw your eyes
Filled so with love and gay sincerity
That I—no choice—I turned and smiled at you . . .
I smiled from out the corner of my heart.*

TWO SONNETS

By *Mary Ann Scott*

and the Meaningful Moment

IF art may be thought of as the communication of felt ideas through engaging patterns, with literary art as the special branch which employs language as a medium, the sonnet may be seen as a poetic pattern which involves in almost minimum length all the difficulties and possibilities of a larger, more inclusive structure. In fourteen iambic pentameter lines, the sonnet writer must supply all the major demands of art, namely: genuine feeling, genuine thought, and that finished form which will be found most suitable for sharing the feeling and the thought, and for casting them into some valid permanence.

Beyond these general requirements, the sonnet writer faces the specific task of skillfully limiting possible material. In its very brevity the sonnet comes to involve some of the difficulties of graphic art.

Indeed, it seems to me that the problem of the sonneteer corresponds closely to that of the painter who must capture one significant moment and treat it in a uniquely significant way if his art product is to have any lasting worth. Lessing, in *Laocoon*, has described the painter's problem: "Since the artist can use but a single moment of everchanging nature, and the painter must further confine his study of this one moment to a single point of view, while their works are made not simply to be looked at but to be contemplated long and often, evidently the most fruitful aspect of that moment must be chosen. Now that is only fruitful which allows free play to the imagination . . . Again, since this single moment receives from art an unchanging duration, it should express nothing essentially transitory." In the sonnet, if anywhere in literature, there is this same attempt to give, by a definite pattern, wings and voice to the single moment, and always that moment which will be most fruitful and non-transitory.

Among the many poets, small and great, who have used the distinguished form of the sonnet in the effort to capture and treat the utterly meaningful moment, two very young women writing in America now offer some work which exemplifies what may be expected from a sonnet on the plane of mediocrity and on the plane of excellence.

In order to compare, I wish to discuss one of the less "good" sonnets in May Sarton's first book, *Encounter in April*, and also the only sonnet which appears in Muriel Rukeyser's earliest volume, *Theory of Flight*. In very different ways and with widely different degrees of effectiveness,

both poems deal with the general theme of the human quest for companionship.

Without the light feminine charm of some of her poems, Miss Sarton's sonnet bears the stamp of one not yet emancipated from the state of being merely a woman into the realization of her broader state as a person:

*I have been nourished by this loneliness
As on some strange fruit from a frost-touched vine
Persimmon in its yellow comeliness,
Or pomegranate-juice, dark color of wine,
The pucker-mouth crab-apple or late plum—
On fruit of loneliness have I been fed.
But now after short absence I am come
Back from felicity to the wine and bread.
For being mortal, this luxurious heart
Would starve for you, my dear, I must admit,
If I were held another hour apart
From that food which alone can comfort it—
I am come home to you, for at the end
I find I cannot live without you, friend.*

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CANNED SENTIMENT

By Frances Glaze

PROBABLY nowhere but in America, only in our hurried, blustering, busy world, our world of buttons and buzzers and electricity, our world of good-humored railery, of thoughtless thoughtfulness, of wasteful time-saving, only in America could the greeting card become almost an institution—only here could it gain a place of prominence among our national customs. The canned sentiment has become indispensable as a first aid to the illiterate and an ever-increasing discouragement to the art of the articulate. The publishers and verse writers seem intent on dealing a death blow to the practise of letter writing. The dignified art of Cicero and Lord Chesterfield is being supplanted by the frivolity and artlessness of a newcomer from the dime store. The overworked businessman, the double-dutied housewife-secretary, and the club-going matron have boosted the little greeting card into a first place necessity in our correspondence case.

There has not been a great transition from the valentine and the Christmas card to the card for all occasions. In fact, if the prevalence and age of the valentine custom are considered, there is small wonder that the greeting card did not emerge sooner. The valentine, as great-grandfather and progenitor of all canned sentiment past, present, and future, hence and forevermore, first bore the lover's sentiments to his lady in the early eighteenth century. The custom had become so well established by 1787 that a hand book called the *Valentine Writer* was published for the aid of the amorous but inarticulate. It contained innumerable, admiring stanzas written to commonplace Marys and Marthas and Elizabeths and quantities of verses of varying degrees of ardor for the Mehitables or Selinas or Hepzibahs whom the thoughtless author had overlooked in his index of names. The valentines bearing these tributes were elaborate, fragile, lovely things, profuse with cleverly cut domes of paper which revealed little hidden love-notes, lavish with bows, love-knots, and butterflies, with birds, Cupids, and darts, with hearts, flowers, and lace. For the lover of a more mundane and material turn of mind there were drafts on the Bank of True Love of the State of Matrimony pledging stocks of truth and fidelity.

The early valentine was doubly dear to the recipient because it signified long, laborious hours of tedious work with scissors and paste and ribbon, and because the one for whom it was made was to assume that every moment spent in its construction was replete with tender thoughts of love for him alone. The height of the development of the valentine was reached in the nineteenth century. After the Civil War the dainty, lacy bits, which today bring as much joy to the heart of the collector as in an earlier time they brought in a more personal way to a favored lady, developed into monstrosities of lace paper and gaudy colors. In the nineties they gained the added embellishment of silk fringe. When supplies from abroad were cut down in the World War period, the modern American valentine with its carefree verse and its accent on color appeared. The century and a half between the pale blue, embossed card with its silver love-knots and its violet butterfly suspended over a bouquet of forget-me-nots and sweetheart roses and today's card with its shining, red cellophane heart and coarse lace paper has created as much difference in the verse as in the appearance. Compare the eighteenth century gentleman's lines, "My orb of day departs with thee" and the twentieth century young man's tender expression,

*"Sure as the grass grows 'round the stump,
Sure as the birdies tweet,
Sure as the stars come out at night,
You're the sweetest of the sweet."*

We may conclude that if the chasm between the sentiments is as great as that between the two expressions of them, then our celebrated emotion of love has undergone a radical change since the days of our great-grandmothers.

The Christmas card, as step-sister to the valentine, is younger and has been through a series of rapid and extremely varied changes. Less than a hundred years ago, Sir Henry Cole, an Englishman with more friends than time to spend on his correspondence, started what became the post-master's annual headache by conceiving the unique idea of having his personal greeting printed on a decorated card. The result got itself talked about to such an extent that other merry gentlemen seized upon it. In less than a decade everyone in England from the royal family to the butcher was a rabid supporter of the custom. The Christmas card sentiment reached its ultimate sophistication and originality in the late eighteen hundreds when the gaily colored card-board squares, resplendent with silk fringe, containing between the double sides a satin envelope

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Features

THE WAY OUT

By CLARK BURRITT, *Curry High School*

It is nearing dusk as I enter the swamp, a dusk that has been brought before its time by the sullen rainclouds that have threatened during the day and now have come to rest in the desolate marshes and swamps of the low country. Brushed by the passing of the slithering fog, the masses of Spanish moss begin their weird and grotesque dance of silence. From their sodden bodies moisture drips, causing ripples to form on the ebony-colored water and chase each other until they disappear into the gloom that marks the edges of the lagoon. As twilight slips into lurid darkness, breezes speak in whispers of tragedy to come.

Within the depths of this furtive, evil wilderness is found my refuge. The reptiles that lurk in the muck and the beasts that prowl in the night are my only friends. To me, as a murderer, all things of joy and light are forbidden. I curse myself in my waking hours for the memories that haunt me. And when I dream of laughter on the summer air and of wind over moonlit waters, I awake to hear the echo of my shrieking laugh of madness float back from the depths of the swamp to taunt me into tears—tears of despair that make me beat the earth in my agony of knowing joy that I can never hold. Sometimes I only curse the mother who brought me forth to live, but when fury overtakes me I curse the God above me who brought me into suffering. Am I to spend my living days here, a fugitive from the world without? Must I forever carry this melancholy load upon my heart? Am I never to know the joy and zest of life again, but only know the torture of solitude within this evil home of reptiles and slime and gloom? Within the depths of my dark and tortured soul I know I am ever to be a hunted thing that lives in fear and prays to God for death.

And with this in mind, I will pull the trigger that will plunge me from this hell on earth into the unknown fearful darkness beyond. My body will silently push its way from sight into the slime of the lagoon. And as it goes, my passing will be told by the swamp owl whose melancholy cry will drift through the fog above me to follow me to my grave.

DOING THE DIRTY WORK

By BILL LITHGO, *Curry High School*

The rain fell in a slow drizzle, and a cold wind lashed out of the north. John pulled his collar closer around him and shivered as an icy chill raked his body.

Why did he have to do it? He knew there were many men who would curse him for it, but then it was his duty. There was no getting around it. The job was up to him.

Leaping a muddy span of land he pushed up a steep rise. Dawn was breaking in the east, and streaks of light swept the dark and cloudy sky. He looked up and let rain splash his face.

"I guess it don't matter if I'm a little late," he muttered.

Suddenly he plunged down and landed with a thud. Oozie mud covered him, and water seeped through his clothes. John cursed under his breath as he clattered to his feet. Good heavens, had he lost it? When he had stepped on the loose stone and plunged into the mud hole it had slipped from his hand. Feverishly he searched in the dark. Something cold and hard stuck his hand. John grasped it with relief and wiped the water from it. He had to have it if he were to do the deed. Holding it tighter he pushed on.

There was a puddle of water ahead, and he splashed into it without hesitating. He was almost there now. He forgot the cold wind, the drizzling rain, the darkness which caused him to stumble.

A ring of trees threw faint shadows from the top of the hill. Staring upward John plowed through the slippery mud to his goal. Now he was getting mad. What did he care if all the men cursed him or not? What did he care if he never got there?

"No! no!" he said and renewed the struggle. "It's up to me and I'll do it."

Finally he was at the top of the hill. It would be better if he got it over with quick. No use in making them suffer. All the while he was carrying out the job there would be dirty remarks aimed at him from below from men who would be his pals any other time but now.

Slowly and with determination his hand rose.

"Is that you, John?" A voice came from the darkness of the trees.

Turning quickly John stared at the figure of a rain-soaked man. His features were undistinguishable, but he knew the voice. It was Ralph Marell.

"Yes, it's me," said John.

"You're late. Better get it over with quick," the man said and shifted a heavy gun in his arms.

"Yeah, I'm going to now."

John turned toward the slope below. Dark shapes stood out with the fast-breaking dawn. Over to the left were three lights. Another sprang up and glowed dimly.

Taking a deep breath John raised the bugle to his lips, and a sharp call swept over the camp.

"You've got 'a get up, you've got 'a get up—"

It rang into every barrack below and soldiers tumbled from their bunks. They cursed the bugler on the hill above and groped blindly for the light.

At last it was over. The call died and numerous lights popped up in the camp as it came to life.

John lowered the bugle and turned to Ralph who stood beside him.

"Well, that's that. I've got the damnest job in the whole blooming army."

CRITIQUE OF PURE UNREASON

By DORIS SHARPE

PREFACE

This evening as I was browsing among my best books—my velvet-covered Stein and my gold-covered Carroll—I suddenly realized that my supreme moment was upon me. I was thirsty for a coca-cola. Now, for forty-five years—since at the age of fifteen I realized that Carroll was the poet of the ages—I have planned a book, perhaps even an essay, which will reveal to mankind the true poet of the ages in his true glory. But I have known that such a work, pivotal for the human race, could be written only at the highest point of my life. When I was twenty, I used to wonder how I could know the highest point; but when I was thirty, the answer came to me: I should be thirsty for a coca-cola. For I have never liked coca-colas. I walked to the drug-store at the corner. The life of a critic is hard; I had waited

to want coca-colas until they were rationed. The drug-store had only two. After I had drunk them, I went next door to the Grill, where I could get only one. But after walking to seven other stores, I finally got three more bottled coca-colas and two fountain coca-colas (with lemon). My conscience does not hurt me for buying all the coca-colas in town, for I did it in the service of humanity. When I returned home, my head was teeming with brilliant critical ideas, which I have incorporated into the following essay.

Essay on the Human Misunderstanding

Perhaps the most notable critic which the world produced before me is Monsieur Louis Aragon, who in the following paragraph shows the step that must be taken by the one who would produce or appreciate art: "Reason, reason, O abstract day-phantom, I have already driven you from my dreams . . . Nothing can assure me of reality. Nothing, neither the exactness of logic nor the strength of a sensation, can assure me that I do not base it on the delirium of interpretation."

For what is art? and what is poetry? Art is the apotheosis of unreason. Let it not be supposed that I use the term "unreason" with any sense of derogation. That word conveys the highest praise that I am capable of giving. For what has caused more misery to life than reason? It is reason that has made people think! It is reason that has kept Gertrude Stein and Lewis Carroll, the two greatest poets of all, from being placed at the top! True, there are people who say, "Any fool can see the value of reason," but they are mistaken. I cannot see it. Art is art only as it escapes from life, from the real, and from reason. An aspiration enclosed in the circle of a representation, that is art. A hole enclosed in the circle of a doughnut—without the doughnut, that is art. A vacuum enclosed by nothing—without the vacuum, that is art.

M. Aragon, the prince of critics, has rung the death-knell of the petty pedestrians of pedantry by stating that only the syllables of reality are usable for art and by writing the following poem:

*Ité ité la réa
Ité ité la réalité
La réa la réa
Té té La réa
Li
Té La réalité
Il y avait une fois La Réalité*

M. Aragon is an admirable critic, possessed of highest acumen, but good poet that he is, he can-

not challenge Carroll. He is to be placed, I think, a little below Gertrude Stein.

Let us define poetry as a sweet succession of sound unsullied by sense. Art is mixed and muddled by association with life. Obviously, the greatest art, the greatest poetry is that which makes the least sense—which is furthest removed from life and reason. That is why the greatest poem of the universe is Lewis Carroll's "Jabberwocky":

*'Twas brillig and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogroves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.*

*"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"*

*He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.*

*And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!*

*One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.*

*"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
He chortled in his joy.*

*'Twas brillig and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogroves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.*

True, this poem, too, is disappointing in that it sometimes makes sense. For example, the second, the fifth, and the sixth stanzas are partly intelligible. But the first and last stanza of the poem is the most beautiful in all literature. Here is the ideal poem, "a sweet succession of sound unsullied by sense."

Bourgeois Shakespeare and Philistine Milton cannot be compared with this poem; "Kubla Khan" cannot rival it, and even Gertrude Stein does not quite approach it.

The bourgeois and the philistines, "dust-choked dwellers in things as they are," insist upon life and meaning in art. They try to read it into "Jabberwocky" and into Stein. Since the world is composed chiefly of bourgeois and philistines, it is not surprising that the world in general prefers Shakespeare and Milton to Lewis Carroll. But our duty, as those who "looking through a window

have learned to see not what is outside, but the window pane"—our duty is to teach the world to "see through a glass-eye darkly."

Epilogue

As I write these lines, the dawn breaks in the east—the black night is turning to the brilliance of morning. And a hope comes to me that, quickened by the incantation of Lewis Carroll's verse, revealed to mankind by my criticism, a new birth will quicken the universe; and all mankind will find happiness in "Jabberwocky."

The highest moment of my life has passed. Never again will I be able to drink a coca-cola. Yet happily I stretch forth my gift to the universe.

—THE END—

FROM CAMP TO CAMPUS

Pine Camp, New York:

"We were in the field for three days beginning Thursday. My outfit came back into camp just long enough to get the food once a day. Each time we came back with the 'rations' the batteries would be moving to other places. Sometimes it would take us an hour to find them again. The big guns were firing day and night. When some of the cannons would go off, they would rock the trucks a hundred feet away. The noise did not keep me from sleeping through the nights, though. The only thing that really bothered me was the net that every one had to wear to ward off the bugs and the mosquitoes.

"The really enjoyable part of my outfit work comes in giving out food (during blackouts) without a light of any description. I have more than once put my feet in the eggs while I was trying to get the butter."

Fort Bragg, North Carolina:

"I'll write you again when I get somewhere. I may not be able to give you my location, though. (That's to keep you from visiting me.)"

Chanute Field, Illinois:

"Do you have trouble staying awake in your early morning classes? That's my greatest trouble. Our instructors have our interests at heart, though—they think enough sleep is detrimental to the mind."

Pine Camp, New York:

"In the morning we get up at 6:30 o'clock, eat at seven, and start to work at eight. The first

thing that we go after is the bread, next the meat, eggs, lettuce, butter, and lard. We then bring it back to the shipping room and break it down into four parts, carry it to the four kitchens, and put it out. There is another truck that carries the potatoes and so forth. We finish this 'carrying job' about 11:45 and go to our well-deserved lunch. In the afternoon we carry the milk around, and spend the rest of the afternoon cleaning the trucks and shipping room. Everything has to be cleaned each afternoon, and we usually work until five on that 'servant girl' business. You see, the army is determined to make a model husband out of me. Don't you think you ought to snap up this offer that I am making you? Or could you teach me a few of the tricks?"

Fort Screven, Georgia:

"We went down in the neighborhood of Jacksonville Beach, which is fast beginning to hibernate for the winter. The rains came. For six straight days we made every effort to stick in our base camp, but the water finally came up inches deep in most of the tents, so out we went. The regiment had to split up and our contingent spent the remaining time living on a pier. The rains continued, and in all, I don't think there were more than six clear days.

"They closed the roller coaster about the same time all my money ran out, and that was a good thing, because I would have stood around and watched it with that hungry look in my eyes."

Fort Benning, Georgia:

"I am busier than I ever was before in the army, but do relax more than in the first couple of weeks. We have an exam tomorrow, but since I studied last night and most of today, I'm going to a movie this evening. We work hard, but also find ways to work up a few laughs."

Morris Field, North Carolina:

"I've grown about a half inch taller, and still growing.

"I really do like the air corps. I'm working in the finance department where I get more training in a week than I would in a year in college."

Fort Bragg, North Carolina:

"Well, today was rather exciting out on that problem with the jeep. I'd like to tell you about it, only we are not allowed to give away military secrets (especially to pretty girls)."

Chanute Field, Illinois:

"When I am Senator Norris (from North Carolina), I intend passing a law requiring all bus

companies to carry all of the passengers' baggage with him (or her) on whichever bus the passenger decides to ride; and if and when any baggage is lost, it must be paid for (amount to be determined by the passenger) then and there. Oh yes, all baggage will be delivered free of charge by a delivery boy."

Pine Camp, New York:

"You said that you were having your first black-out Friday night. I am sure that you had fun, because you did not have to get out of a warm bed, grab your gas mask and gun, pick up a coat, if you are lucky, and run. It is lots of fun to jump out of bed onto an icy-cold floor, grab your belongings (Even your shoes are on the right feet sometimes, if you are lucky.), and dive out into the blackness."

Fort Screven, Georgia:

"I don't care what kind of a guy a fellow is, when he gets in the army he soon learns not to be happy until he's broke. Consequently, the first week after payday everybody is on the loose; after that, they settle down for some nice quiet evenings at home. I've tucked away enough scratch to get me home, on the presumption that I'll get a furlough this month, but if I don't see it coming soon I'll shake it out of the sock and go high life again."

Fort Benning, Georgia:


"This is a very busy place. The school really is turning on the heat, and so I'll probably work constantly during the next few months."

Fort Screven, Georgia:

"Yep, I'm taking a little boat trip somewhere; that's the reason I've been so busy. Notice the rating in front of the name. They made me staff sergeant a while ago.

"Hope you can read this scribbling as I'm writing on my knee. Best of luck, season's greetings and everything to you. I'll see you in a few years."

Compiled by CONSTANCE SWEENEY



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THE WILL OF GOD

By BETTY WALKER

THE chilled edges of the sunlight lay in patches along the pews of the church. The minister leaned his cheek on one hand and gazed out the window, a vague smile turning up the corners of his mouth. He could see the oak trees, still bare-branched and leafless, swathed in gray moss, the dead, dry grass and the oyster-shells along the path. A few cars rolled into the churchyard; a murmuring of voices blew in snatches through the window. The bell began to ring solemnly, clanging in a harsh, tuneless monotony. The minister's smile grew a little wry, and his brow furrowed in four deep wrinkles. He rubbed at the back of his head with an annoyed gesture and turned his gaze toward the doors.

The room was full of little buzzing whispers. Large, flowered hats bowed sedately to small, beribboned bonnets, stiff leather shoes creaked self-consciously down the aisle, rough fingers jabbed at high, starched shirt-collars. The minister fumbled at his watch-chain and let his fingers slide across the smooth silver roundness of his watch. Almost eleven o'clock. He caught his wife's eyes and smiled down at her. The answering smile was vague, almost mechanical. She glanced away quickly and began to fumble with her gloves, smoothing the wrinkles over her fingers. The minister watched her, a frown on his face. What had got into her lately? It must be his imagination, or had she really changed? He kept his eyes on her, trying to force her to look up again. He wanted to feel once more that old familiar glow that tingled along his spine at the open

admiration in her glance. How long since she had looked at him that way, he wondered with a start? No, he was being foolish. It was just that she was tired, and today was a difficult day for them both. The frown faded, and he thought again of what she had said to him once in the early days of their marriage. "Don't talk to me of God. You are God to me. What more do I dare ask of heaven?" Sacriligious, yes, and he had reproved her sternly. But somehow he could never quite forget the words.

Nor could he forget what she had said to him last night. "Arnold, are you sure this is the right thing you are doing? There are others to fill in there, but who will come here to take your place? Must we leave?" Sure? She had never questioned his judgment before. Sure? She must know his every action was in the hands of his God. Strange that she should have said that. It was only that she had been happy here, that she dreaded new places, new and unknown things. How little it it took to make a woman happy! How bored, how restless he had become hemmed about with these little people and their little lives. She must never suspect this weariness; perhaps she might even think—but, no, she understood that it was at God's command that they must leave this place. He glanced back towards her and, meeting her eyes, smiled a little condescendingly.

How like a small, energetic sparrow the organist looked, perched on the edge of the stool! He smiled at the simile, covering the smile with his

(Continued on page 38)

The

"LUMINOUS HALO"

By DORIS SHARPE

VIRGINIA WOOLF says of the purpose of modern fiction, "Life is not a series of gig lamps symmetrically arranged; but a luminous halo, a semi-transparent envelope surrounding us from the beginning of consciousness to the end. Is it not the task of the novelist to convey this varying, this unknown and uncircumscribed spirit, whatever aberration or complexity it may display, with as little mixture of the alien and external as possible?" This statement is a key to her novels up to *Between The Acts*, which was left unrevised at her death; but *Between The Acts* reveals a development of this goal, and a transcending of it, that is not in Woolf's other novels.

Between The Acts is a short novel, without chapter divisions—one which should have the intensity of a short story; but Woolf has prefaced the actual novel with an introduction which takes up more than a third of the book. This introduction is necessary to no part of the plot and to none of the philosophical implications of the book; apparently it is in the book only because the author wanted that space for character development, but the characters could have been—in fact, I think, are—sufficiently developed along with the plot. The reader sees the plot through the consciousness of different characters; and by receiving events through their consciousness, by watching the flickerings of consciousness during the acts and between the acts, the reader comes to know the characters in the last part of the book independently of the earlier characterizations. The novel can be seen as a unified whole only when the first third of the book is ignored.

The first third of *Between The Acts*, however, typical of Virginia Woolf's other novels, makes an interesting basis for comparison with the rest of the book. It is a picture of "the quick of the mind," "the myriad impressions" which "shape themselves into the life of Monday or Tuesday" as a group waited for the time of the village pageant. The value of this part of the book, and of Virginia Woolf's impressionism in all her works, lies in her realization of the difficulty of picturing fragile personality—which shifts every moment—and in her discovery of a method of

capturing it. Woolf saw the fluidity of personality and the difficulty of categorizing it. One of the characters, seeing a cross on Mrs. Swithin, asked, "How could she weight herself down by that sleek symbol? How stamp herself, so volatile, so vagrant, with that image?" To Woolf the individual is not a unity in itself, the "self" can be shown only in relation to the "not self"; and, more, the personality cannot be captured as it *is*, but only as it *becomes*. In the interplay of personality on personality and of impressions on the personality, Woolf catches the individual; and in the individual, she merges past and future in the present moment. In picturing character through consciousness, Woolf still avoids letting the characters become, as Ramon Fernandez says, mere "mosaics of subjective impressions"; she makes of the fragments a "living synthesis" by fitting into the pattern of the one experiencing them the vague emotions that flit through the consciousness. In one reaction the man William Dodge is flashed before the reader:

And he wished to kneel before her, to kiss her hand, and to say: "At school they held me under a bucket of dirty water, Mrs. Swithin; when I looked up, the world was dirty, Mrs. Swithin; so I married; but my child's not my child, Mrs. Swithin. I'm a half-man, Mrs. Swithin; a flickering mind-divided little snake in the grass, Mrs. Swithin; as Giles saw; but you've healed me . . ."

Because of her realization of the dependence of one personality on others in order to reveal itself, Woolf is interested in picturing the consciousness of a group. Her interest in consciousness leads her, also, to use subjective description, even when no character is present to experience the impressions, as in her description of an empty room. Yet in Woolf the reader feels that this subjective description is not a mistake in point of view, but that under Woolf's hand, insensate things have become sensate. "Empty, empty, empty; silent, silent, silent. The room was a shell, singing of what was before time was; a vase stood in the heart of the house, alabaster, smooth, cold, holding the still, distilled essence of emptiness, silence."

(Continued on page 43)

ALFREDA held her head high and her shoulders back. She prided herself on the straightness of her body and the lilt of her head. The third graders, when asked in hygiene class whose walk they'd like to copy, had decided that Alfreda walked the straightest of all the other pupils in high school. Yes, it was nice to know that your walk was pleasing, and that other people looked at you with admiration.

Today was a good day to hold one's head high and one's shoulders straight. Spring was drenching all the world with perfume and warmth and color. Lessons had gone well today. She had been elected to attend the May Queen. And Larry had told Mary Ann that she, Alfreda, was the prettiest girl in school. The prettiest girl in school! Larry thought so. Larry, the dark-headed star of the basketball team. Larry, the boy with the big black eyes. Larry, a senior. Larry thought she was the prettiest girl in school. Her head went up a little higher, and her feet seemed to sprout wings at the thought.

Coming up the street was Etta Lee Saunders;

around on such a lovely afternoon? She just wanted to be left alone with her thoughts. That was all she asked.

The window of Lembert's General Store was filled with new spring dresses. Alfreda glanced casually over and started to walk on by. Her eyes caught a glint of royal blue, and she moved closer to the window. Golly! What that shade of blue would do for her eyes. But her mother wouldn't let her buy it. Oh, no. It was entirely too grown up, with its high neckline and narrow skirt. Just let her get some money of her own, and she'd get some decent looking clothes. Bob got to buy his own clothes, didn't he? And he was three years younger than she. If only her daddy would take her shopping instead of her mother. He always said, "Well, it looks all right to me," and then paid for whatever you wanted without saying, "But I'm sure we could find something just as good for half as much." Boy, would she like to get him to come in here sometime when her mother wasn't along. Maybe she could manage

★ ★ PINK STARS ★ ★

By Ann White

some of the spring went out of Alfreda's stride. Oh, darn it all. She supposed she'd have to talk to her. After all, there wasn't much she could do now that they were practically within touching distance. How she hated the smile Etta Lee donned as she cooed, "Why, hello, ho-ney! Guess who I was just talking to about you?"

Alfreda's tone was acid. "I haven't the vaguest idea." And she was ready to terminate the conversation then and there.

Etta Lee put one hand on Alfreda's shoulder. "I just saw that cute old Paul, and he said you certainly were getting stuck on yourself. Isn't he the biggest tease?"

Alfreda was coldly furious. Just because she wouldn't have anything to do with him. He'd told Etta Lee that because he'd known she would glory in relaying the conversation. Oh, he made her sick.

"I don't care what Paul Hobson thinks about me. He is the rudest thing that ever breathed, and you can tell him I said so."

Before Etta Lee could answer, Alfreda wheeled and left her standing there with her mouth half-opened, ready to reply.

Why did such people have to be wandering

it tomorrow morning, if she walked to school early with him.

Perry rode by on his bicycle and waved. "Hi, ya, Freda!" he called.

Alfreda waved back and shouted, "Miss Mitchell missed you on study hall. Are you going to catch it tomorrow!"

Perry looked a little green. "She just can't make me stay in after school tomorrow. I've gotta go to Staley to play baseball."

Alfreda was sympathetic. Poor Perry. He was such a good egg about helping her and the rest of the gang keep out of trouble. Too bad he had to get caught up with himself.

The boys in her grade were pretty stupid, but she had to be nice to them on account of class parties. Now take Larry. Not a one of them was half as handsome as he. Or half as intelligent. He thought she was the prettiest girl in high school. Mary Ann was his cousin, and he had told her the day before when they were looking at some pictures Mary Ann had had of Alfreda. Wouldn't it be swell if he would ask her to the Senior Dance! Her heart swelled up and almost choked her.

A radio was on full blast, and the music was pouring out into the street. Glenn Miller's recording of "A String of Pearls." Alfreda's feet began dancing of their own accord. She got control of them and made them touch every crack in the pavement for five blocks, then miss every crack for the next five blocks. Darn her hair. It kept falling in her eyes. But it really was nice to have such long hair. She had watched it in the mirror that morning as it cascaded past her shoulders in golden ripples. Maybe if she washed it as soon as she got home, it would be dry before time for the movie tonight.

Nellie Grace Newell ran to catch up with Alfreda. Her dress was too long, and she always wore rouge in splotches on her face. But Alfreda would have to be nice to her anyway. When your father was principal of the school, you had to be nice to more terrible people.

Alfreda smiled sweetly, "Going to town?"

"Yeah," Nellie Grace giggled. "Guess so. Ain't it a purty day though? I told Maw this mornning that it sure do look like spring's a'heah faw cartin now."

Alfreda oozed with patronizing charm. "We have lots of flowers blooming now. I oughtn't to be hard for the seniors to find flowers to decorate for their dance, ought it?"

Mentioning the seniors made her think of Larry again. Golly! He really was a smooth number.

Nellie Grace rattled on in her high-pitched voice. Alfreda nodded brightly, and she hoped she smiled in the right places. Wouldn't she look like a royal princess dancing with Larry! Her small blondness against his tall darkness. They would be such a good-looking pair.

"And so," Nellie Grace was saying, "I said, 'Now, you listen heah, Miss Hodgin. If you keep me in this afternoon, I'll quit school.' And, by gum, I would have too."

Glory! Here came Thelma up the street. Alfreda wanted to duck quickly into the nearest house. Thelma had probably already seen her, though. Thelma was so snooty. It had taken Alfreda long enough to get firmly established in Thelma's gang, and she certainly didn't want Thelma to see her with Nellie Grace.

"Hello, Thelma!" Alfreda cried, "Guess what? I just saw the most marvelous dress at Lamberts'. I'm going to get it tomorrow." Maybe this would make Thelma envious enough to forget Nellie Grace's presence.

"Which dress?"

"The royal blue one with all those cute bows down the front."

"Oh, that one." A tone of cold finality. "I wouldn't be caught dead in a dress that fussy."

Alfreda's enthusiasm for the dress was gone.

Nellie Grace giggled, "I've gotta be going on. My old man'll give me hell if I'm late to supper. G'bye."

Skinny legs terminating in socks and high heels carried her down the street.

Thelma wanted to know, "What the dickens are you doing walking in public with that person? You ought to be more careful about the people you associate with."

Alfreda agreed, "Oh, she's a nuisance, always running after me. I couldn't get away today. Dad says I have to be nice to her."

Then Alfreda remembered. "I've got something to tell you, if you'll promise not to tell a soul."

Thelma looked interested. "Cross my heart."

"Larry told Mary Ann that he thought I was the prettiest girl in high school."

"Not Larry!" Thelma looked downright envious. She also looked as though she could hardly wait to tell, and Alfreda knew the whole gang would know it by morning.

Alfreda paused before the drugstore. A dime—all that was left of her allowance—was burning through the pocket of her blue flannel jacket. Yes, she had to have a coke. Her mouth felt dry and choky inside. Besides, she could see Joe and Skeets in there, and one of them might buy it for her. She smoothed her hair by her reflection in the window, tugged at her skirt, and reassembled her books. Always she felt self-conscious when she opened that drugstore door. Too many times had she watched people come in not to know how the light shone through your skirt and showed so clearly where your slip came to. There were always a lot of men and boys hanging around the counter at the front, and their eyes invariably turned to the door when someone walked in. Boys made her sick. They were such ill-mannered creatures.

Alfreda's heart stood still. Then it jumped all the way up to her mouth, and she closed her lips tight to keep it from falling out. There stood Larry in the far corner with his dark eyes full upon her.

Skeets called, "Freda! The very person I want to see." He took hold of her arm and pulled her toward the counter. "Come on, honey. Buy me a drink. I'm flat."

Alfreda saw red. Right here in front of all these people. Right in front of Larry. She was thoroughly disgusted.

"Take your hands off me, Skeets Benner. I wouldn't *give* you a drink, if you were perishing on a desert."

(Continued on next page)

With great dignity, she moved to the counter. Her head was back, her coloring was high, and her eyes were blazing. She picked up her coke and walked out the door without once looking back. But Skeets hooted "Her royal highness!" and Joe's whistle echoed in her ears as she walked down the street.

She guessed she'd shown Skeets she had outgrown the foolishness of his juvenile behavior. Larry couldn't like a girl who was always loud and cutting up. Well, she'd shown him that she was mature and dignified. As for Skeets and Joe, she didn't care what they had thought.

Neither her father nor mother was home when she got there. Dora Lee had used up all the hot water to pick a chicken. She'd just have to brush powder through her hair and wait until tomorrow to wash it. Dora Lee was always using up the hot water.

Her father's cigarettes were on his dressing table. Elizabeth and Mary Ann were prudes. They thought it was terrible to smoke. Was it really very wicked? Her hand reached out and pulled one from the pack. She held it before her, trembling a little, and then flew up the stairs to her room where she slammed the door.

Before the mirror she practiced turning her head first to one side and then to the other and seeing how glamorous she looked through the smoke. She was Greta Garbo, flinging back her long hair and looking at her many admirers with half-closed eyes. She was Lana Turner, smiling sadly as though because of some deep, inner sorrow. She was Dorothy Lamour, taming even the wild beast with her soulful stare.

A car's tires crunched on the gravel. Mother! How could she get rid of the smoke odor about herself? She blew her breath against the cupped palm of her hand. Smelled like smoke, all right.

When her mother went into the kitchen, she walked as steadily as she could down to the bathroom and closed the door firmly. Then she scrubbed her teeth with inches of toothpaste. After a thorough brushing of her teeth, she gargled with Listerine. When her mother called, "Freda, come here a minute," she walked slowly and a bit dizzily to the kitchen, confident that the odor was well taken care of.

The telephone rang, and Alfreda ran to answer it. Betty's voice grated loudly against her eardrums. "Oh, Freddie! Aren't you just thrilled to pieces? Thelma stopped by and told me what Larry said. Yum, Yum! He's a honey. Would I like to get him off to myself some moonlight night?"

Alfreda glowed with satisfaction. Thelma had not failed her.

She walked out on the porch. The daffodils made a wide yellow splash against the green of the grass. Gold-red haze

covered the western horizon, and pale pink streaks reached over the south sky. It was the end of a lovely day, and what a gorgeous end. She hugged herself and felt all melted inside.

Supper was ready. Fish again. How she hated to pick bones out. It was so messy. But mother insisted that she was going to keep goiter out of her family. Well, Alfreda would just rather have goiter then to eat fish all her life.

Bob came in late, all dirty from playing baseball. "Hi, Sissy!" He tweaked her hair and ran a dirty finger along her arms.

"Stop that this instance!" Alfreda made a feeble stab at the air. Bob was an all right fellow, but he did annoy her at times.

The conversation was very boring at supper. Bob insisted on talking with his mouth full of food, and he spread his elbows all over the table. Alfreda pushed his elbows. "Cut it out! Mother, make Freda stop."

Her mother frowned, "Freda, leave Bob alone. It's very rude to correct people at the table."

"But, Mother! How will he ever learn anything? He embarrasses me something awful when any of my friends are here."

Her father looked at her with the expression he reserved for discipline at school, and Alfreda knew better than to defy that look. She quieted down immediately.

Something her father was saying caught her attention. "They had a hard time raising it, but they finally got enough to have a real orchestra."

"For the senior dance, Dad? Oh, are they really going to have an orchestra?"

She had to go to that dance now, and she wouldn't go with anyone but Larry. She would have a billowy white dress on, and there would be a gardenia in her hair. Larry would have on a white coat and dark trousers. There would be gold stars in his black eyes when he looked at her and murmured, "You're the most beautiful girl in the world."

The next morning the whole high school was in an uproar. Alfreda heard nothing but the dance, dance, dance, and the orchestra that was to play for it.

Thelma came over and whispered significantly, "Bet I know who you'll be going with."

Alfreda smiled a superior, guarded smile. Her heart was singing, and she felt that the whole world was hers for the asking.

As she walked down the hall to her home room, she saw Larry coming with a bunch of boys. He looked at her, and then looked quickly away. Boys were queer. But she just knew he was as aware of her as she was of him.

Skeets and Joe rushed up behind her. Skeets cupped his hands hard on her head in the imitation of a crown.

"All hail her Royal Highness!" he exclaimed.

Alfreda's blood boiled. She turned and slapped him, putting all her weight behind the blow. The slap was as loud as the pop of a whip. Everyone in the hall turned to look. There was a red splotch on Skeet's face and also the most astonished expression she had ever seen. Then she turned to walk off. Larry's face stood out vividly from the other faces. Was it merely a puzzled expression she saw there, or was it disgust?

She was sorry she had slapped Skeets, but he irritated her. And he always picked on her when Larry was around. Larry would understand that she didn't want to be mauled all the time like an infant. Foolish to think he had looked disgusted.

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Alfreda played the piano for chapel just before lunch. She was very self-possessed as she walked out on the stage. Larry would see how straight she was, and how nice her long hair looked from the back. Out of the corner of her eye, she could see the section the seniors occupied. Yes, and she could see Larry there in the middle of the row. He looked so broad and masculine. There was certainly nothing sissy about him.

Coach came up to her as they were marching out of chapel. He was a moron. All she had to do was sit on the front seat and stare intently at him to make a 98 on the history course.

He said, rather hesitantly, "Look, Freda. The seniors demand that I bring a date to their dance. I know you won't want to be stuck with an old man, but would you consider doing me the honor?"

Coached looked rather like a high school boy himself at that moment. Why, gracious! He was about half in love with her. She was surprised, but not so much so.

"Why, I . . . er. . . That is, I already. . ."

"Oh, I see," said Coach quickly. "I knew someone already would have asked you. He's a lucky devil."

Alfreda looked at Coach's retreating back with awakened interest. This thing had its possibilities. All the girls had swooned when he came to Andersonville High the year before, but his indifference had cooled their ardor. He was awfully good-looking, but he was nearly old enough to be her father. He must be nearly thirty. No, she didn't want to go with him to the dance. She was going with Larry. She wanted to dance with him and hear him whisper, "You're the prettiest girl in all the world."

Thelma went over to talk to some of the seniors during study hall. Absent-mindedly, Alfreda watched her. Why did Thelma look so excited all of a sudden? Something important must have happened, and, of course, Thelma would be the one to hear it first instead of her.

"Guess what, Freda," Thelma whispered loudly as she rejoined the gang. "I was just talking to Frances, and she told me that at lunch today Larry invited Kitty Caveness to go to the senior dance with him."

Thelma looked like the cat who had just made away with all the cream. Alfreda's world came tumbling down. Larry had invited someone else! It wasn't true. Why, Larry thought she was the prettiest girl in school. He couldn't have invited anyone else.

She sat dazed and quiet as the girls talked around her. "Who are you going to the dance with, Freda? We thought it was Larry. Come on now. 'Fess up."

Thelma looked very content. Alfreda knew she knew that Larry was the person she had been counting on. Her look challenged Alfreda's pride. Out poured the flaming statement, "I am going with Coach Newland."

The girls were shocked into silence. Their eyes popped and their mouths hung open. Even Thelma was properly piqued. Alfreda sat in regal splendor, the undisputed lady of the day.

Mary Ann's eyes were puzzled. Alfreda felt a love for Mary Ann that she had never felt before. She couldn't understand either why Larry had invited Kitty to the dance. Maybe someone had made Larry do it. Some of those hateful high-brow seniors who didn't want him to date anyone younger than they. That was it. Larry hadn't wanted to ask Kitty. But why couldn't he have been more strong-minded?

Frances came over from the group of senior girls. Betty and Thelma leaned toward her and whispered loudly,

"Guess who Freda is going with to the dance?" Frances was Kitty's best friend. Wouldn't Kitty be jealous when she learned who Alfreda was going with! Larry would be sorry when he heard. She'd show him that he wasn't the only person in the world.

Alfreda sat up suddenly on the edge of her seat. She must see Coach right away before the other girls saw him. She really must! "Isn't this the hottest weather?" she mumbled to Thelma. "I'm simply perishing for some water."

Miss Graham smiled as Alfreda asked to be excused, and Alfreda smiled back. Miss Graham was a nice-looking person. Why she wanted to teach school was beyond her.

Alfreda leaped up the stairs two at a time. She knocked at the door of Coach's office and then thrust her head inside. No one there. He couldn't have gone out on the baseball field yet because his tennis shoes were there on the floor and his cap was sprawled on the desk. Ah, she knew. Her father's office.

She walked down the hall. Voices seeped out from under the door of office 212. Coach's pleasant baritone was three or four shades deeper than the soft tones of her father's drawl. Words became distinct as she listened, and as she pushed open the door, she heard Larry's name mentioned.

Coach was saying, "He should be short-stop instead of wasting away as left fielder. That chap's a born short-stop."

Larry, Larry! Everywhere she turned. Couldn't she get away from him one minute? His dark eyes seemed to be following her always. Well, she'd show him. That's what she'd do. She would look even better with Coach than with Larry because Coach was so much taller and slimmer. Larry's shoulders were too broad. He wasn't so good looking anyway.

Mary Carter came to the door. "Professor Lingle, Bobbie knocked me down and made me hurt myself." She was wetting the dust on her cheeks with little sprays of tears. Alfreda's father looked at the skinned knee, and then he took her into the next room to the first aid kit.

Alfreda walked over to Coach. Golly, he looked so big standing there in the smallness of the office. She shook a little as she thought of the importance of her next speech. She walked over close to him, tilted up her head so that he would get the full impact of her blue eyes and long lashes. Then she said shyly, "I've been so unhappy all afternoon because I wanted to go to that dance with you awfully bad. It wasn't definitely decided that I was to go with this other person; so I told him that someone else had asked me, and that I wanted to go with him. Oh, my!" she paused dramatically. Inwardly she felt a horrible panic. She clenched her fists behind her back, but the

(Continued on page 44)

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GOLDEN SLIPPERS

(Continued from page 7)

Leroy pulled his trousers up so that Luke might see the shoes better. He preened and swelled under the adoring gaze of Luke. He bragged, "Wull, yaller tops is mighty stylish. Dese is new. 'Ud ya like tu try em on?"

Luke scratched his head and muttered and stammered; innocent glee, in anticipation of wearing the shoes, overflowed his large frame. He gurgled, "Ah'd lak dat. Ah shore woud. Kin Ah try em, Leroy, fer dist a minit?"

He fumbled excitedly as his thick fingers tried to tie the shoe laces. When the shoes were on, he pulled up the legs of his blue jeans and strutted around the yard, his eyes never leaving his feet. An hysterical giggle of pleasure gurgled up from his chest as he found that the shoes were not too tight.

Leroy sat on a box in the yard, his feet held high out of the dust, as Luke strutted and preened. A serious expression camouflaged the tease in his voice as he asked, "Yuh gotta gal, Luke?"

Luke did not take his eyes off the shoes.

"Ah mighten iffen Ah had me some ob dese yaller shoes. Ah dont kere nuthin bout no women-folks tho'. Ah'd ruther go tu church 'n let de Lawd see me in dem shoes."

Leroy stifled a laugh, leaned back, and lit a cigarette. "Yuh still got dat dollar yuh had las Sat'dy, Luke?" he asked.

Luke grunted, "Uh huh."

"How 'bout sorta lenin it tu me til nex Sat'dy?"

Luke started, as if he had been threatened. He backed two steps toward the cabin and then stopped.

"Naow, Leroy, yuh caint make me gib yu ma dollar. Ah gotta hab it. Ah'se gonta buy dem shoes fore long."

Luke resumed his inspection of the shoes. Forgetting the money, he grinned with childish pride. Leroy spit disgustedly in the dust and then stared blackly as he watched Luke's stiff-legged parade around the yard.

"Tak dem shoes offen yore feet, den. Ah ain' got de time tu be messin wid you. Got a 'pintment fer suppa."

Luke twisted and turned and strutted, but did not answer Leroy. His eyes focused glisteningly on the shoes as if they were magnets drawing his attention. He did not hear Leroy's laugh, but when he shouted "Nigger," Luke glared up, hurt bewilderment draped in every fold of his full face.

Leroy pleaded good-naturedly.

"Ah got tu go . . . Luke . . . Take dem shoes off. Ah'll tell tu whut Ah'll do. Ah'll let yu wear em tu meetin some Sund'y."

Luke leaned over puzzled and untied the laces of the shoes. He lifted them gently and deposited them in the outstretched palms of Leroy. As Leroy put them back on, Luke squatted in the dust and watched the operation.

"Wh . . . Wh . . . When kin Ah wear dem, Leroy? Termorra? Nex Sundy? Whe . . . When, Leroy?" Luke stammered.

Leroy pursed his mouth and muttered.

"Ah din say when. Ah ain' een wore em masef much. Wait til dey gets a li' ob de shine off. Yu kin wear dem."

Luke's smile evaporated, and his eyes blurred with doubt. "Promise, Leroy. Yu sed yu wud."

Leroy smiled a real negro grin and slapped Luke on the back. He comforted Luke. "Yu kin wear dem some time. Ah promises."

Leroy sauntered off down the road, resuming his whistling, as Luke settled back against the dead tree trunk and stared after him. His usual happy face was drawn down, and his eyes seemed blind as if with thought.

The frogs and crickets filled the night with their symphony, as Luke stretched on his bunk that night. He could see through the silver darkness. His good suit was laid on the chair by the door. The moonlight made it look grey, and the weave did not show at the knees. The suit had been good. Now there were pouches at the shoulders and wrinkles leading to the buttons. The golf shoes relaxed side-by-side before the chair.

Luke tossed about on the bunk and moaned now and then. He got up twice for water, and the floor boards complained loudly as he walked over to the water bucket. Once he investigated the shaving mug. He went to the door, slumped down on the steps, and folded his big hands around his face.

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Brownhill's

The crickets and frogs had ceased their revelry, for it was late when Luke finally arose. He leaned against the door frame and then slowly shuffled across the cool dust that powdered his feet. He paused when he reached the road, then turned and vanished into the darkness of the direction from which Leroy had come in the morning.

Luke droned out an echo of the morning's spirituals as he took off his good suit. The air was calm with the inactivity of Sunday. He hung up the suit and turned to the stove. Cracklin spit and hopped in the pan; its oily odor thickened the air. He was just reaching for the corn meal sack when he heard a car sputter up the road and turn into his yard. He took the frying pan off the stove, put it on the table, and went to the door.

A sharp-faced man hurdled the mock door of the old Model T and sauntered up to the tree where he leaned. He stared around the yard and then spoke.

"You Luther Gillis?"

"Yas'suh," Luke answered.

"Know Leroy Price?" the man asked, still looking around the place.

Luke looked at him a few minutes and then answered good-naturedly, "Yas'suh."

He walked over to the door and Luke stepped aside.

"I want to look around here," the white man said gruffly as he brushed by.

The man stood in the center of the room. His quick eyes took inventory of the littered mantel, the bare shelves, the rumpled bed. Finally, he walked over to the corner and picked something off the floor from below Luke's good suit. He turned to Luke suspiciously and said, "Git in the car, Luke, you're goin' with me."

They got in the old car and jittered down the road. Luke jerked and bumped on the lumpy back seat. He waved at some Negroes as they passed the church. He droned a spiritual and enjoyed the cool wind rushing down the neck of his shirt.

In town, they parked in front of a large white building. As the white man got out, he motioned for Luke to follow him. They went down a long corridor and entered a room with gold letters on the door.

Leroy Price was there, but he met Luke's "Ho, Leroy" with only a sour glare. He was frowning. A large man with white hair growing over his ears, sat behind a big desk and nodded to the white man as he entered. They motioned for Luke to sit down, and he sank into a chair with a curved back.

The man with the white hair growing over his ears looked up from the paper he had been reading and cleared his throat. He broke the silence.

"Now, let's get this straight. Leroy Price, you accuse Luther Gillis of stealing a pair of shoes from you."

"Yaller shoes, judge," Leroy put in.

"Wouldn't you be just as well satisfied if Luther gave the shoes back to you now?" the justice asked.

"He stole em, judge. Ain' yu gonna sen im tu jail fo it?" The stale odor of cheap whiskey followed Leroy's words.

The justice leaned back in his chair and looked at Buck Ricketts, the deputy, motioning for him to proceed. Luke let his glance wander over the dusty filing cabinets, and littered desk, and cracked walls, before it came to rest on a statue in back of the justice's desk. He seemed not to hear what was being said.

Buck Ricketts leaned a little towards Leroy as he went on. "Leroy says that Luke stole his shoes. Is that right

Luke?" Luke stirred from his observations of the statue and grunted, "Suh?"

"I found the shoes in Luther's cabin. These are the shoes, ain't they, Leroy?" the deputy queried.

Buck went on, taking time only to notice Leroy's dogmatic nod. "You did steal the shoes, didn't you, Luther?"

"Naw suh," Luke grunted. "Ah dist tuk em to wear tu meetin dis mawnin'."

"Borrowed them, huh? And when did you borrow them?" asked the deputy.

"Last night, Ah reckon." Luke was bewildered.

"What time?" Buck Ricketts snapped at him.

"Bout tree 'clock," answered Luke, sliding down a little in his chair.

"Leroy says," the deputy went on, "that the shoes were under his bed. Now, how did you get them, Luther?"

There was a pause of silence before Buck said, "Come on, Nigga, talk up. We ain't got time to mess. This is a court of law."

"Ah remumburs. Ah dist pulled up de screen a li'l . . . 'n lifted de catch . . . 'n clumb in 'n tuk de shoes."

"Was Leroy asleep in the house?" Buck Ricketts asked.

"Ah reckon so. Somebody 'us snorin'."

Buck Ricketts watched the Negro's face as he went on.

"Then you broke in Leroy's house when he was sleeping, at three o'clock in the morning, and stole his shoes?"

Luke shook his head. "Naw. Ah din steal dem. Ah dist tuk em. He promissed tu loan 'em tu me."

The justice looked at Luke and then at Leroy.

"Do you still want to bring charges against this man?" he asked Leroy impatiently.

"Ah does." Leroy answered with finality.

The old man's face melted into crinkles of lines, and a puzzled expression clouded his eyes. He stared at the blotter on his desk and seemed to be counting mentally. A fly buzzed through the open window and settled on the floor. Buck Ricketts wiped his brow and walked to the window for air. The pouches under the justice's eyes scrunched up, and a wave of disbelief spread over his face.

"My God, the only thing we can charge this nigger with is First Degree Burglary. He forced entry into a house for the purpose of committing a theft. That's a capital offense in North Carolina. This nigger's gotta be tried for his life."

He stared at the blank expressions and drooping lips of the group before him. Leroy met the justice's gaze evenly; but his eyes fell, and his brown skin turned to a grey tinge as the meaning of the words sank in. Luke stared absently out the window.

(Continued on next page)

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PORTRAIT OF A BUILDER

(Continued from page 9)

They took Luke to a bare cell, where he relaxed on the cot and took off his shoes. When the justice entered later, he dismissed the guard with a twist of his head. He opened the door to Luke's cell and leaned against the iron frame, folding his arms over his chest. Though his eyes were sympathetic, he breathed a short sigh of exasperation before he began.

"How'd you get in such a hell of a mess, Luther?"

Luke looked at him as if he were being wrongly accused. "Ah din mean to. Ah jus couldn't hep it. Dem shoes is so putty . . . 'n Ah din hab none dat ud look so good."

He looked at the justice for a long minute. Then he added quietly, "Dey'se gold'n slippahs, jedge."

"I understand that. But you've done something worse than you realize. This is a killin' crime, Luke."

Luke's pathetic smile changed to an expression of confused horror, as the full import of the justice's words became clear to him for the first time.

"L . . . L . . . Lawd, Mista Jedge. Dey caint kill a po' ole nigga fo stealin a pair ob shoes. Dey caint do dat."

The justice waved his hands downward, motioning for Luke to be quiet. Luke glanced panic-stricken around the room and then turned his furrowed face towards the white man.

"They can do it."

Luke stared at the crack in the floor and moaned, "Oh Lawd hep me."

"You'd better hope we can get Hal Sumner to help you," the justice grunted. "He's saved niggers in worse messes than this." He looked at Luke and then added. "Though God knows why."

Luke limped over to the high-barred window and looked out. He stared at the square of cloudless sky. The sun shone on his face and lined patches of copper where sweat lay. His eyes penetrated the blue sky for some time. The confused horror gradually left his face, and it became expressionless. The tears on his cheeks dried. He furrowed his brow, as if trying to remember. Presently, without turning, Luke spoke. His inquisitive voice rang blankly against the concrete walls.

"Jedge."

"Yeah?"

"Ha' come dat li'l statoo in t'other room got a rag ovah its eyes?"

—THE END—



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S H O E S

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Charles McIver on Easter Monday at a public school picnic. They became friends instantly and soon discovered their many mutual convictions on education and life in general. Miss Martin often talked to Mr. McIver about the lack of educational opportunities for girls in North Carolina and the South. One day at an educational meeting in Winston-Salem, the chairman was calling on several of the men present for short talks. Mr. McIver, who was sitting several seats away from Miss Martin, passed her a note that said, "I'm afraid lightning is going to strike me next. What shall I talk about?" The answer that was immediately passed back down the aisle to the anxious Mr. McIver was, "Talk about the lack of educational opportunities for women." He did.

On July 29, 1885, Charles Duncan McIver and Lula Martin were married, forming a unit that was destined to do for education what the Curries were doing for science. They completed their work in Winston-Salem and then moved to Raleigh, where Mr. McIver was principal of the Literary Department of Peace Institute. In Raleigh, the McIvers made many friends and spread their ideas among the other teachers of the town. By this time, McIver had definitely decided on teaching as a profession. In spite of many tempting business propositions made to him by his friends, he wanted to become a master teacher. Very little money was appropriated to public instruction at the time—chances for advancement were few and progress was exceedingly slow. A great deal of credit should be given to Mrs. McIver during these trying first years. She was always a confident, unselfish companion, asking little for herself, and persistently urging her husband forward. She was always one of the most graceful of "penny pinchers." She was a pretty woman and her husband enjoyed seeing her dressed in fine clothes. He often bought her expensive dresses. She would thank him, glance at the price tag, and promptly return the article. Although she had become a homemaker, she still had her own ideas on education and no sacrifice was too great if it aided in putting these ideas into effect.

All the while, as McIver taught and became more active in the Teacher's Assembly, he was convinced that the state needed not only better school houses and longer school terms, but better trained instructors. He and Mrs. McIver had many long discussions about this possibility, always agreeing that there must be a teachers' training school in North Carolina. When he presented his plan to the Teachers' Assembly, it was met with great approval; and a committee, headed by McIver, was appointed to ask the legislature to appropriate money for this project. The committee's first request was refused on the basis that not enough was known about such a venture. The legislature made provisions for McIver and Edwin Alderman, principal of the Goldsboro city schools, to hold

meetings of teachers and parents over the state in order to collect opinions on the matter. In September of 1889, these two, accompanied by Mrs. McIver, who refused to be left at home, began their work of canvassing the state. They wandered from the Blue Ridge mountains to the coast and back again, holding teachers' institutes, sometimes in a city hall, other times in an open field. The first four days of the meeting were filled with teaching and were primarily for the teachers of the district. On the last day, everybody in the county was invited to hear Mr. McIver speak. Mrs. McIver entertained the crowd until there was a large enough group present for her husband to begin his lecture—she called herself the "Punch and Judy show before the circus." This was the manner in which the McIvers and Edwin Alderman awoke the citizens of North Carolina to the fact that something must be done about education in this state. In 1891, McIver again made his plea to the legislature. It was at this time that he said, "Educate a man and you educate an individual; educate a woman and you educate a family." During the time that the measure was being considered, he developed into a master lobbyist. He spoke on behalf of a potential training school, on the streets of Raleigh, in the homes, at the churches, and at other public meetings, working day and night. Then came the news—money had been appropriated for a North Carolina State Normal and Industrial College for Women and McIver had been elected president!

The years of 1892 and 1893 were busy ones for the McIvers. They were head constructors of the new University, watching delightedly its material building while they attended to the laying of a cultural cornerstone. The business of hiring the few teachers that the state allotted the school and setting up the standards of the school were of great importance to this diligent couple. Dr. McIver had to spend most of his time in Raleigh, however, trying to persuade the legislature to appropriate more money for the school, which had many enemies in the state who would have liked to close it. Finally, Dr. McIver came home from Raleigh with a promise of two thousand dollars for his school. On his return, a group of the college's first students made a procession and marched down Spring Garden Street to meet him. They carried lighted torches, whistles, tin pans, and everything with which they could make noise and welcome their "hero" home. Always, on Dr. McIver's weekend visits to his home during this trying year, he would go over to the dormitory to see "his girls." The moment that they heard his voice, there was a general rush to the parlor where anxious young ladies would listen to the experiences and progress of the legislature so vividly told by Dr. McIver.

(Continued on next page)

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Once that the school was underway, he did everything in his power to bring things of cultural value to the girls. Whenever some famous person was passing through Greensboro, Dr. McIver met their train and, if possible, brought them out to the "Normal" to meet the girls. Theodore Roosevelt and the great "Calve" were only two of the many personages that the students were privileged to meet. When such an opportunity arose or when Dr. McIver had something of consequence to tell the girls, he would ring the old bell in back of the Administration Building. This was a signal for everyone to come to chapel, no matter what they were doing. He always said, "Girls, this will do you far more good than any class you could be having."

The man was a wizard at handling budgets. He was very thrifty and expected the girls to follow his example. Once he saw a window open in Old Brick Dormitory on a very cold day. He was so shocked that any girl who knew how little the college had to spend for coal would do such a thing that he told Miss Jamison "To go up and tell that girl that this college could not afford to heat all of Guilford County." He was so adept a budgeter and meal planner, that at the end of the first year one dollar and thirty-seven cents was refunded to each student on the food budget.

McIver was always a lover of good foods. He was particularly fond of watermelon, which he insisted "was the best medicine in the world for him." His favorite desserts were coconut custard and Lady Baltimore cake, which Mrs. McIver made with great skill. He liked oysters best fried but was never known to refuse them raw, stewed, or scalloped. No matter how delicious the dish that he was eating, he always enjoyed it more if he could share it with someone. He bought all of the food for the college and it had to come up to his requirements before he would purchase it.

Dr. McIver had his own ideas on music, books and clothing. He believed that *Alice In Wonderland* was one of the finest books ever written and that Gaston's "The Old North State" would never die. He was always immaculate, wearing well pressed dark suits, white shirts, and very small bow ties. He appreciated beauty and neatness in others, and nothing gave him more pleasure than to see the girls dressed prettily and appropriately. If a girl had on a new dress which was becoming to her, he never failed to notice it and let her know that he liked it. If he ever noticed that any student was being a little neglectful in her personal appearance, he would ask Dr. Gove to speak to her about it.

Permeating this very human side of Dr. McIver was his astounding supply of energy. Mr. E. J. Forney says: "No heed was paid to the moving of the hour hand of the clock. There was always work—his work to do, and it got done." As soon as he would finish one task, he would immediately

plunge headlong into another. He hurried about the city and school always "up to some good." McIver was a very fast walker with short, quick steps, and the Greensboro paper frequently said, "Something is about to happen! President McIver was making a double row of tracks in the city today." At the height of his work and activity, one September afternoon in 1906, while riding on the Williams Jennings Bryan reception train, he complained of not feeling well. A few moments later, his head quietly fell back against the seat and McIver was dead.

For weeks and months, the statesmen, educators, and newspapers of the country printed great eulogies in memory of Charles Duncan McIver. Walter Hines Page, Albert Shaw, and William Jennings Bryan, in particular, lamented his passing. People all over the South realized a great loss. But only his family, his close friends, and his "girls" fully realize that Charles McIver is not dead. His dreams, hopes, ambitions rest in all the validity of brick and stone. Let no one ever admire the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina without paying due tribute to Charles Duncan McIver, for it is only a reflection—a moon that can never rival its sun.

—THE END—

TIDE OUT—TIDE IN

(Continued from page 3)

joined other women across the world in the final struggle for women's rights. They asserted their desires for self-government and evolved the Student Government Association. Today the Woman's College students are alive to all that goes on about them. And none can capitalize on their disinterest and indifference. Today the Woman's College students govern themselves. And none shall dominate them.

The tide has indeed come in; and as graduates and under-graduates pause to observe the fiftieth year of Woman's College, the tide recedes to draw a new strength from the past. The waves are piling high, and the sweep of tide promises to be rich with new patterns upon new shells. The waves are big with the concept that today is life demanding emphasis on comprehensive philosophy and on attitudes rather than on facts. The waves are big with the realization that students must bring to Woman's College more than they have brought in the past. They must come with more respect for tradition, more deep-born desire to accumulate philosophy, more will to pour the richness of their own personalities into the mould of the college that both may derive new strength. The current may sweep the waves where they will. The strong current masters the waves; the gentle current guides them. The students, full of hope, look to the faculty to guide them in attainment of their concepts. Tide in. Tide out. Tide in—1992!

—THE END—

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ON ITS FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

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THE GRILL

CAMPUS PATCHWORK

(Continued from page 11)

In those days our editorial efforts were bent toward helping to establish Student Government. The students were just beginning to venture out upon the bridge of their own ideas and opinions—their likes and dislikes in regard to college matters—and many were the times that hurried and secret sessions were held for purposes of censorship, lest the faculty should take offense.

Our efforts to secure material were often overwhelmingly blessed! We had a material box in the hallway of Administration Building and we used to receive many anonymous articles.

There used to be some difficulty in procuring "ads," and we would send our most buxom and comeliest members out on this mission—buxom because they had to really walk. They usually returned full of enthusiasm for Greensboro merchants.

I think our style must have been a cross between a divinity student's maiden effort: we always pointed a moral, sometimes tacked one!

Eleanor Morgan Phipps, editor from 1913 to 1914:

In 1914 our magazine was under what amounted to faculty management. My work was under Miss Winfield's guidance, and I am glad to have this opportunity to pay grateful tribute to her memory . . .

But I do not remember censorship with gratitude. On one occasion I wrote an editorial expressing what I thought of the policy then in effect of punishing students for unexcused tardiness or absence from classes by requiring them to spend Saturday mornings in the registrar's office memorizing stanzas from *In Memoriam* or *The Rubaiyat*. It may be funny now, but it wasn't funny then. Miss Winfield, although sympathetic, considered the material too hot to handle. I was called upon the carpet by President Faust, told very sharply that I didn't have the proper attitude. The article was not published. No word was spoken in public about the poetical punishments, but the system was abandoned. And my encounter with censorship I am not likely to forget.

Caroline Goforth Hogue, editor from 1916 to 1917:

In my year the magazine was a sort of closed corporation composed of Margaret George, Elizabeth Rountree, and myself. I remember that we had a grand time, and lots of talk, and that we felt ourselves to be demi-highbrows. An office in Spencer just off the Gym which was opened only by key was the counterpart of the City Office, and except

that there were no smokes or drinks, there was much the same atmosphere . . . The supply of material seemed always short of demand, and quality none too high.

I wish I could see copies of the Magazine for the year 1917. As it is, I must remember things past as through a dark glass dimly. We entered World War I that spring. It was a momentous year. Except for one poem of mine, "I Love the Common Rabble,"—a thoroughly rotten poem—I do not remember that the War to save democracy had many roots in our midst. I do remember that, though we were all three science students, we were keenly aware of what was happening in the world of poetry in our time. Vers Libre, and Imagism were words on our tongues, and the urge to free poetry from the bondage of the pretty, pretty was strong in us. Amy Lowell, Masefield, W. W. Gibson, Rupert Brooke, Louis Untermeyer, Vachel Lindsey were all known to us, and we often bore unworthy symptoms of the association. I wrote in ignorance of the French language, and not a printer's error—and it cost the editorial staff some harsh ridicule from the English faculty . . .

In our time we were too heavily indoctrinated with slogans urging to service and activity to keep pen to paper long.

1920-1930

At the beginning of this decade there was not a store where the several stores now huddle at the corner. Tall stalks of corn still grew from the ground where the Music Building now stands. Running through the corn field there was a stream which must be jumped by anyone passing through the field. Walker Avenue and McIver were not yet paved.

The library was temporarily located in the basement of McIver during the remodeling of the old library.

In the middle of the decade the old Curry Building burned and left the ruins as they stand today.

The Faculty Hockey Team played great games of competition on the Athletic Field, then located where the Science Building stands now. The big mimosa tree back of McIver has replaced the faculty tennis court where members of the faculty used to play love games and deuce games, in long pants down to their ankles.

Long rows of cedars reached down College Avenue where the Japanese Cherry trees now grow out with pink blossoms in the spring. The college was called North Carolina College for Women.

The experience of eating in the dining room was advanced another step. Trucks, containing all the food from

(Continued on next page)

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coffee to gravy, would pass through the dining hall, and the girls would take dishes of food as the trucks passed through.

Instead of having sophomore jackets, the girls all bought heavy white sweaters with high close necks—cumbersome sweaters which they washed themselves at the laundry.

The gymnasium was in the basement of Spencer. In the middle of a basketball game it was necessary to watch ones head carefully for it might collide with one of the posts. Later in the decade was built the outdoor gym, where if it was not too cold the basketball games were played with much greater ease.

Emeline Goforth Whisnant, editor from 1921 to 1922:

I was editor-in-chief in '21-'22 and I recall with pleasure my associations with the staff that worked with me. It wasn't always an easy matter to get contributions, even though I majored in English and kept my ears perked up to hear any promising material. At Christmas time we became very mercenary and offered prizes for the best poems, sketch and story.

A poem from Nancy Little Lingle, editor from 1926 to 1927:

SIC

*To think that once I wrote a word
That others read now seems absurd,
So busy are my routine days
Following the children's ways.
Vague as a wave from out the sea
Slowly there comes back to me
Thoughts of days with pen in hand,
A ready quip at my command.
A zeal to write—a great high hope—
For widened is a school girl's scope.*

*Yet all the Muses, all the Graces
Are bright upon my children's faces.*

Edith Webb Williams, editor from 1928 to 1929:

I think that your collection of material may throw some light on the general problems connected with college literary magazines. My impression is that most of them go through alternating periods of achievement and stagnation. Perhaps you can find out why. You have probably gathered that I consider 1928-1929 one of the down swings of the cycle for the CORADDI. I did not feel that there was any great interest among the students at large. Our chief problem was not to choose among contributions but to get them. It may be that I was unduly disturbed by what is a chronic situation because of my conviction that the staff should not write the magazine. I felt then and still feel that the goal should be widespread participation.

1930-1940

With the coming of this decade there came to the college girls greater social freedom and a great advancement in Student Government. In this decade the college lost its label of "N. C." and became Woman's College of the University of North Carolina.

At the beginning of the decade McIver Building was remodeled, and the danger of falling plaster was completely removed.

Spencer dormitory was rebuilt on the inside, although the outside was left much the same. It became no longer necessary to have a night watch-woman patrol the dormitory to guard against the outbreak of fire.

Mr. Julius I. Faust retired, and Dr. Walter Clinton Jackson became the new Dean of Administration of Woman's College. Miss Harriet Elliot soon took her position as Dean of Women.

Coming into the middle of the decade was the counsellor system to replace the out-moded guidance of former years.

Three new buildings rose on the campus. A new Science Building with complete, modern equipment replaced the old athletic field of the preceding decade. Two new dormitories, later named Mina Weil and Martha Winfield, faced the old quadrangle.

Catherine Harris Eller, editor from 1930 to 1931:

When I was editor, my associate and I issued CORADDI as a monthly magazine for the first time in some years—possibly the first time at all. It was generally well received by the students, sometimes with ridicule, sometimes with earnestness.

Roberta Johnson, editor from 1931 to 1932:

When I came to school as a freshman it was a great jolt to me to find what the student body thought about the CORADDI: absolutely nothing. I remember that many of them never bothered to take their copies out of the mail boxes.

One night a group of friends were in my room discussing life, love and tomorrow's breakfast. We decided to do a symposium on "Marriage." It was published in the CORADDI. We were rather hard on the established custom. Practically all of the contributors are now married. Occasionally I toy with the idea of clipping their words from the book and sending them to the right person. Interesting idea, but I do value my friends—and my health.

Georgia Arnett, editor from 1937 to 1938:

The students elected me editor of the magazine, but the faculty had trained me for the job. . . . We of the staff formed some memorable friendships there; and during our little Bohemian gatherings amid Coca Cola cups, we exchanged ideas, all of

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which seemed good then, and many of which seem good until this day.

There was some excellent art work in the magazine that year, too; and the Art Department prepared an entire art division for our last issue. CORADDI was ranked third in the nation that year by the National Collegiate Press Association and was awarded a certificate of All-American Honor Rating. . . .

To write, one does not have to belong to a school of opinion; one does not have to be an optimist; one need not necessarily be highly educated; nor need one be a plowman. One need only understand the richness of the life he sees and know the meaning of participation in that life.

1940-1942

Our Dean of Women, Miss Elliot, was called to Washington to serve on the President's National Defense Commission. At Woman's College the students handled with strength and responsibility the new problems rising from the declaration of war by the United States. Busy, deft fingers learned to handle bandages of the Red Cross as skillfully as they had previously applied bright red polish to long, pointed nails. In connection with saving for defense, many new activities began on the campus. The "clean-the-plate" campaign, the saving of paper, and the conservation of other valuable articles followed the declaration of war.

During the annual musical show, "Heck's-A-Poppin' ", students at Woman's College witnessed their first complete, thirty-minute black-out. Under the direction of Mr. Herbert Hazelman, the college band played "Boogie-Woogie Band" at a chapel program.

For the second time in its fifty-year span, a group of seniors graduated into a world concerned with a world war fought by the democracies.

Jean Bertram, editor from 1941 to 1942:

We were pleased with the timeliness of our first cover—two soldiers with a South American student. But how we wailed when war was declared just three days after the Christmas issue went to press. Our only consolation was that we had *anticipated* a war with Japan in our first "Campus Crisis" article. To this day we have not ceased congratulating ourselves on our editorial insight.

All our work was keyed to the tempo of a fast-moving, machine age; for we were always in a perpetual flutter and rush to gather material between deadlines. One night when we were in the throes of our final issue, four of us were pounding on typewriters in our office. The clatter was deafening, but each was concentrating so hard that she didn't notice

the noise until one paused and, always concerned for national defense, shouted, "This business of forming public opinion is just about as noisy as constructing airplanes."

Putting out a magazine that represents all student interests has not been easy: sometimes we even felt as though the work was a test of our physical endurance rather than of, any mental stamina. (I shall never forget the day Marion Middleton and I ran across a field and climbed through a fence to get to an out-of-the-way electric shop where we might rent a star for the Christmas cover.) But every mental and physical pain has carried with it joy for all of us and for me in particular for in working as an editor I have realized one of my greatest ambitions. Next year I'll miss my swivel chair, the trips to Charlotte to plan the magazine with the printer, the press conventions, the two-hour debates with Ruth Heffner on policies, the burst of anger and the ring of merry laughter at our foolish errors.

With the remarks of the last editor of CORADDI there comes a look into the next school year. It will very likely be a war year, and the students of Woman's College will move steadily through all the situations that they may be called upon to meet. There is little about which we may be certain; but of this we may be sure: as a thread through another year there will yet be the patchwork of Woman's College.

* * *

NOTE: The author wishes to thank Dr. Anna Gove, Miss Harriet Elliot, Miss Bernice Draper, and Miss Nancy Duke Lewis for their assistance in describing the decades in this article.

—THE END—

INAUGURAL

(Continued from page 8)

problems. It must be one of the biggest linking organs on the campus.

In the interest of my work I should like to be in the library at night, at the concerts and lectures, at various club meetings, in the dormitory room—anywhere that students gather for wholesome talk. I intend to be open to the various opinions that pass from place to place at Woman's College. I shall expect the students who elected me to check upon my work to see that their wishes are carried out; for after all, I, as editor, am but the middle man to CORADDI through which the best of Woman's College may shine.—M. E. J.

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TWO SONNETS

(Continued from page 16)

Despite the "fruit of loneliness" which is expanded into concrete images of real bitter vividness, the lines contain little of the "fruit of sense" which would give the sonnet real meat for the imagination. What strength of genuine thought and genuine feeling the poem gathers in the first eight lines is lost in the weak ending in which Miss Sarton seems forced to exaggerate in order to justify her choice of a trivial experience. It is not trivial because it is personal. Indeed, the initial germ of a felt idea is developed quite successfully, I think, in the first two quatrains. Yet even this valid experience becomes commonplace because its essential transitoriness makes it trail off into trivialities in the last six lines.

It is a common enough discovery that there is one person of such supreme importance that even a state of being well-fed in separation from him is a state of sheer starvation. Such a conviction, however, comes only in a fleeting way. And when it comes, its vital qualities are spontaneity, impulsiveness, and newness of configuration. It may furnish material for a lyric of eight lines; but at least in Miss Sarton's treatment, it is not good for more. Her effort to sustain what is fundamentally a passing feeling ends in a strained and painful stretching of the point, in an overstatement which palls upon her reader. Because she cannot maintain the vigor of language with which she begins her poem, the whole falls apart; and it seems that she has said too much. She has failed to center her experience in a focal moment; she has been used by the sonnet form rather than being a successful user of it.

The barrenness of her expression is partly compensated, however, by the pleasing technical skill which she shows in conforming to the Shakespearean sonnet pattern.

This point of view, this dissatisfaction with such attempts as Miss Sarton's is possible because of the existence of such rich offerings among sonnets as the one of Muriel Rukeyser which I wish to quote. Reflecting as it does real freedom and mastery because of the importance of its thought, the provocativeness of its feeling, and the inevitableness of its form, it cannot fail to set a standard which it is difficult to find met on every hand.

*My thought through yours refracted into speech
transmits this room musically tonight ,
the notes of contact flowing , rhythmic , bright
with an informal art beyond my single reach .
Outside , dark birds fly in a greening time :
Wings of our sistered wishes beat these walls :
and words afflict our minds in near footfalls
approaching with a latening hour's chime .*

*And if an essential thing has flown between us ,
rare intellectual bird of communication ,
let us seize it quickly ; let our preference
choose it instead of softer things to screen us
each from the other's self : muteness or hesitation ,
nor petrify live miracle by our indifference .*

All the tenseness of expectancy, all the amazement at the possibility of real communication, all the fear lest the possibility be lost are caught here. The poem opens with excited wonder at the promise of companionship and expresses the thrill at the magic whereby two people may have their fusing thought enhanced by a third and dark unknown, a truly greater-than-either-or-both. A quality incomparable lies in this realization: it is one of the pinnacles of human experience. Miss Rukeyser has not only sung the praises of the quality but also described it. This new-found threat of union is of the most tenuous possible nature—all the forces in the world seem to threaten to snap it in two: the very desire to hold it endangers it, the very effort to express it is killing. Miss Rukeyser's remarkably suggestive octave ends with the hovering threat of time itself.

The slightly modified Italian sonnet form lends itself quite well to her subject, for the sextet expresses all the inward will to make the moment in the zenith count for something in practical living, all the bravery one may have in facing what is the barest, hardest, most naked (and withal the most exalted) thing in the world—pure communion through ideas. It can never endure for long among men whose natures are essentially mixed and who hide themselves in the softness of other and easier kinds of communication. But the wish for it lasts forever in the human mind.

Thus Miss Rukeyser's choice of a moment was most judicious. It is the fruitful moment because it points towards the personalities, nations, worlds which hang in the balance in a mysterious nether-region of effort to seize the "essential thing." Moreover, Miss Rukeyser has dealt with a feeling and a state of mind which may recur continually for everyone. And the essence of that state of mind is its own inward courage to sustain itself. It seems to me that it demands the sonnet medium—this uniquely social moment, this moment of a fluttering of excitement that taps all areas of the consciousness, this moment that we long to keep alive, this moment that speaks so truly of itself that it must speak truly of all that lies beyond itself.

And to me this is the virtue of a good sonnet anywhere—to catch into the shape of beauty some unitary clarity out of a brightness that knows not how to shine unless it radiates illimitably.

—THE END—

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A NORTHERNER

(Continued from page 13)

I like the architecture of the South as much as its weather, and I like the Southern colored people. This is not meant to be an inflammatory sort of comment, or I would point out how infinitely more engaging they are than the Northern negro, how quaintly apropos is their unparalleled way of putting things, an aptness which extends to the province of almost all Southern localisms. I relish "talking up a stream, or storm"; I dote on "blessed or cursed him out"; I'm fascinated by "right cute gal," "law, yeah, honey!" "sho do," "no stuff," and "good fathers, chile!" But nothing can captivate me quite so completely as just plain long-drawn, soft-slurred, "Yes, mam!" The Southern negroes, too, have contributed a native flavor to the folk songs of the South, a winsome childlike quality that is to my ear much more appealing than the blithe, lively airs of the folk of foreign nationalities in the North. Inherent in the background of these Southerners there is an historic solidity that comes from their having been Americans before the Civil War.

I have made a discovery: Southerners *have* forgotten the Civil War, or else they are much less hot-tempered than they are reputed to be. I will admit shamelessly that I have tried desperately to irritate Southerners; I simply cannot evoke an argument. I have come to surmise that this apparent passivity is tied up with the by no means outworn tradition of habitual courtesy. They compare with Northerners as Parisians with Londoners when it comes to manners. There is no doubt in my mind that Southerners are generally much more civil and refined in their manners than their rather bellicose Northern brothers. Being of the latter, I sometimes find this gentility slightly unpalatable. Maybe I'm jealous. But Southerners aren't frank; and if I did not admire their courtliness, I might be tempted to call it hypocritical. Anyway, it makes them a lot easier to live with.

On the other hand, Southerners do take life seriously. Above all, they believe in things. They don't laugh at themselves nor at God. They are not cynical or hardboiled, but there is a protective strength in their immense faith. I have seen that intelligent people go to church in the South. At first I worried about this, because I myself have healthy doubts about everything under and above the sun. "What will happen to these believers when they bump their shins on some of the rough corners in life?" I conjectured. But what is wondrous is that the hymn-singing Southerners don't seem bothered by the possibility of disillusion.

Going hand in hand with their religion is an intense patriotism. Southerners aren't uncomfortable or embarrassed when they sing "God Bless America"; and they

aren't high-hat enough to suppose like the Empire State that they don't need state songs. I have never been quite able to explain the gratifying stimulus I felt when I first heard Tarheels sing out "The Old North State" in a turbulent and delightfully unified chorus. It is perhaps because there is so small a foreign element among them that there is such a refreshing nativism about Southerners, as if they feel an inborn kinship with their land.

And then there is their red earth! Nothing was more striking on my first train ride through the Piedmont than the warm, brick-rust banks sloping back on either side of the track. The redness of the Carolina clay seems intensified by the sun as is the green of the shortleaf pine and the deep blue of the Southern sky. Ridiculous? Perhaps. But secretly I'm sure it must be so, just as I'm sure there's a reason why the same ocean surges savagely to attack a rocky New Hampshire coast and swells lazily in on foamy, languid rollers at Virginia Beach.

I like the South. I like its trees and its people, its manners and its weather, its architecture and its colored folk, its provincialism and its philosophy, its mountains and its red earth. If Southerners could but know how rich their land is, and how abundant their life in warmth and depth and color, I know they would for all time be cured of thinking the consummate moment of their existences will come when they go north.

—THE END—

THE FORGOTTEN MAN

(Continued from page 5)

Both the aristocratic and ecclesiastical [school] systems made provision for the women of special classes—the fortunately born and the religious well-to-do. But all the other women were forgotten. Let any man whose soul is not hardened by some worn-out theory of politics or of ecclesiasticism go to the country in almost any part of the state and make a study of life there—especially of the life of the women. He will see women thin and wrinkled in youth from ill prepared food, clad without warmth or grace, living in untidy houses, working from daylight till bed time at the dull round of weary duties, the slaves of men of equal slovenliness, the mothers of joyless children—all uneducated if not illiterate. Yet even their condition was endurable if there were any hope, but this type of woman is encrusted in a shell of a dull content with her lot; she knows no better and can never learn better—never point her children to a higher life. If she be intensely religious, her religion is only an additional misfortune, for

(Continued on next page)

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it teaches her, as she understands it, to be content with her lot and all its burdens, for they only prepare her for the life to come. Some men born under these conditions escape from them; a man may go away, go where life offers opportunities, but the women are forever helpless. . . .

The ability to maintain schools is in proportion rather to the appreciation of education than to the amount of wealth. The battle is practically won when the whole state stands secure on this platform: *that a public school system generously supported by public sentiment and maintained by both state and local taxation is the only effective means to develop the forgotten man, and even more surely the only means to develop the forgotten woman.* Even ten years ago, many men in North Carolina did not stand on this platform. Now, I hear that few oppose such a program, and those few you will soon educate for sheer pity. Standing in this institution today, it seems incredible that I myself can recall the opposition both of political leaders and of ecclesiastical leaders to free public schools. Nothing else ever made me so nearly hopeless. Thank heaven, that opposition is passed. . . .

The most sacred thing in the commonwealth and to the commonwealth is the child, whether it be your child or the child of the dull-faced mother of the hovel. The child of the dull-faced mother may, for all you know, be the most capable child in the state. At its worse, it is capable of good citizenship and a useful life, if its intelligence be quickened and trained. Several of the strongest personalities that were ever born in North Carolina were men whose very fathers were unknown. The child, whether it has poor parents or rich parents, is the most valuable undeveloped resource of the state. But the day is past when worn-out theories hold us in captivity, and we owe its passing chiefly to the idea that this institution stands for. Our whole life will soon be delivered from the bondage of ignorance by our hitherto forgotten woman. . . .

The view of education as a charity has always been a great weakness in the aristocratic and ecclesiastical systems. Education pays the state. If [all North Carolina state schools] could be united into one great school, it would at once become by far the most efficient and noteworthy one of the great seats of learning in the Union. If the doors of such an institution were thrown open free to every boy and girl in the state, and there were free schools to train them for it, we should no longer talk of forgotten men and women; and people from other states—hundreds and thousands of them—would seek homes here. These counties would by such means be peopled at last by as useful and as cultivated a population as any in the United States. Nor need the religious influence of any of the denominational colleges suffer by such a move when the time for it comes. Every one might have its own dormitory and religious supervision over pupils of its

own sect. A definite movement of this sort has already been made where the denominational schools have shown a wish to become a part of the system of public education. . . .

[The Woman's College of the University of North Carolina] is proof that the state has remembered the forgotten woman. You in turn will remember the forgotten child; and in this remembrance is laid the foundation of a new social order. The neglected people will rise and with them will rise all the people. Open wide to them the doors of opportunity.

—THE END—

THE WILL OF GOD

(Continued from page 22)

clasped hands. She twisted nervously on the seat and began the prelude, off-key with a jarring sound. A frown of annoyance twitched at the minister's face. He watched with amusement the bobbing head, keeping time with the music. She glanced up for a second and met his gaze across the altar. He felt a sudden shock at the animosity of her pale eyes. For a moment he was disturbed. She had looked—why, almost as though she were accusing him, scorning him. Only his imagination, of course. Stupid little woman. Of what could she dare accuse him? He turned back toward the church.

Down the aisle hobbled the old preacher, a palsied, pitiful figure leaning on the arm of a thin, pale-faced woman. A rustle stirred through the church. Someone came forward and took the trembling arm of the old man, bending over him tenderly. People leaned toward the aisle to nod and smile as the halting procession made way to the front pew. A child tittered and was hushed indignantly by his mother. The young minister half rose from his chair and then settled back on the plush cushions. So much confusion and disturbance. Would they never learn that this was the special moment of reverence, of quiet preparation for communion with God? He bowed his head and clasped his fingers in an attitude of prayer.

So the old preacher was not confined to his bed, after all. He had intended to go in to see him yesterday, but so many things had to be done. Why did he have to come here today of all days? The minister knew he shouldn't think such thoughts. Forgive me, he prayed briefly. But why should that worn-out, little old man make him feel somehow so young, so strangely ill at ease here in the pulpit? His brow felt cold; a muscle twitched in his cheek, more imagination. He had been chosen, called by God to his work. This was a strange horrible feeling—this feeling of unworthiness. He closed his eyes until dark red circles spun in front of them and began to pray. The comforting pattern of the words soothed him. He felt the glow of God's presence blessing him, uplifting his spirit.

The organist sounded the last note of the prelude and, without pause, began the doxology. The choir straggled to its feet; a hymn book dropped noisily to the floor and was noisily retrieved. The little vague whispers died away, and every head turned toward the altar. Slowly, with deliberation, the minister raised his head and pushed himself up from the chair. He moved his hands in a vague gesture, and the congregation rose with a rustle of silk and dust.

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His voice was loud above all the others. He raised his eyes toward the ceiling, noting with displeasure a thin spider web shimmering in the light. He glanced at the front pew. The old preacher sat there, his mouth tremulously trying to form the words; his wide, unseeing eyes lit with a strange, almost beautiful glow. What did he see; what was he thinking? What was he but a useless parasite, clinging to a life that was long ago spent? The minister thought of that first day, nearly two years ago, when he had come to this town to be the preacher. The old man had insisted on showing him about the church. "It is our church," he had said in his weak, trembling voice. "I feel very close to it; for I helped to build it, saw it grow, have known all its trials and triumphs. I came here just as you come now, as a young man to my first church. And I have remained throughout the years because these people needed me and because I learned to love them and the church. See—just look. New pews, our new organ. Yes, our church has prospered. God has been good to us; and now that I have grown too old to be of any service, He has sent you to carry on His work with us. I leave that work in your hands, my son; and may you learn to love it as we do." He had been so childishly proud, so pitifully sentimental. The young minister felt again the wave of annoyance and impatience that had swept over him that day. Of course, it was a fine church—a very fine little church; but no one could have expected that he should ever have intended to spend his life here. God had other plans, greater plans for him. He would go much higher, for much greater things were in store for him in God's work. He straightened his broad shoulders and prolonged the notes of the "amen" until the last echo of the organ faded.

"Let us pray." How calm, how sonorous his voice sounded across the room. He stretched out his hands in a sudden glow of love for these poor, struggling mortals whose heads were bent obedient to his words. They would miss him here; they had so earnestly pled that he not leave. He had done much for them these two years; but they must understand that he was needed elsewhere, that it was his Father's will, not his own, that must be done. It was at God's command that he had volunteered his services to his country and offered to go out and minister to his nation's army. Perhaps they would have difficulty getting someone to take his place here; but he had served them, and now God called him to other tasks. He would come back, come back in his uniform, the chaplain's insignia on his sleeve. How splendid would be the gold embroidery of the uniform, how tall he would stand. The young hero of God!

He caught himself up and heard his own voice. "In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. Amen." This would have to stop—dreaming this way. He scarcely knew what words he had prayed. He motioned for the congregation to be seated and moved back behind the pulpit.

He scarcely heard the hymns. Standing, while the collection was taken, he noticed the worshipful gaze of Jenny Hodson, her wide eyes never moving from his face. Nice child, Jenny. He would have to remember to get her college address so that he could write her a letter from camp. Perhaps he should send a picture in his uniform—yes, certainly a picture. She would like that. He took the collection plate, frowning at the few crumpled bills, the worn coins scattered about. Moving his lips in the ritual of the collection prayer, he wondered whether they would be able to pay him the overdue salary they

had promised. He would have to see the deacons about it. After all, a preacher must live too, he thought a little grimly.

Waiting for the congregation to settle back in the pews, he surveyed his hands held against the pulpit. Strong, nice hands, unblemished and unscarred. He thought of the old preacher's shaking, gnarled fingers; and a wave of repulsion shot through him. He would have to grasp those hands and hold the limp flabbiness in his own sure fingers after the service. He started and, bending forward, began to speak in a calm, low voice.

"My dear friends." He hesitated and knew that there was just the proper warmth in his tone. "My dear friends, this is the preacher's last Sabbath here with you." In the pause he heard someone stifle a sob—Jenny perhaps. "The preacher and his wife—" he glanced toward her, but she was looking down at her clasped fingers—"can never express to you their gratitude for your gracious kindness toward them. You have done much to help them in many ways, and they will always hold for you a most special spot in their memories." He could feel their love, the weight of their sorrow stretched out to him. Deacon Hobson blew his nose loudly in the stillness. The minister looked out over the congregation, smiling wistfully. Then he dropped his glance to the pulpit. These dear people. They would miss him sorely. He had been a God-send. Many times they had said these very words to him.

He raised his eyes suddenly. There was a stir in the room. On the front pew the pale, thin woman had half-raised up in her seat and was bending over the slumped figure of the old preacher. His head rested on his breast; a rasping breath shook his trembling body. The young preacher felt cold beads on his brow. A wave of pity surged through him, and sudden annoyance rushed to drown it out. This was his moment, a God-given moment. They must understand. This was his one chance to make them see God's purpose in him, to leave in their hearts a vision of the sublime. The room was humming with disturbed whispers. He felt their eyes on him, eyes full of unanswered questioning.

"The preacher and his wife," his voice was calm and soothing. Their attention wavered away from the figure on the front pew. "The preacher and his wife will always remember you with love and gratitude . . ." Someone was taking the old preacher out of the church now, half-carrying him up the aisle. "And they will return to you after this moment of stress and world upheaval, if God so wills it." How loudly his voice rang across the church. He lowered his tone, bent forward with his arms outstretched in a gesture of love and sorrow. "Remember them in your prayers, dear friends; and not a night shall

(Continued on next page)

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pass that you will not have a place in their supplications to our Father in heaven."

A harsh, broken sob cut across his words. With a little cry, the organist rushed from her perch and clattered down the altar steps. The minister watched her thin legs running up the aisle. He saw heads turn toward her and then half-turn back toward him, eyes looking down from his gaze. Like frightened sheep the congregation began to stumble out the pews and move jerkily toward the doors. The young minister stepped from behind the pulpit, his arms still outstretched.

"My dear friends," he began again. He caught sight of Jenny Hodson's back, her shoulders shaking, her head bent. "My friends . . ." His wife stood before him, the same strange look that he had imagined on her face last night. "Arnold," how cold, how harsh her voice sounded. "Arnold, let them go, can't you see? Don't you understand? Their preacher is dying."

She turned and walked slowly away from him up the aisle.

He stood a moment in the empty church, his arms held out. Then he turned and bowed on his knees beside the pulpit. They would return and find him here, so young, so sorrowful, so saintly, praying with his God alone.

—THE END—

CANNED SENTIMENT

(Continued from page 17)

of sachet powder for perfuming handkerchiefs, bore the inscription.

"With the quite too precious compliments of the season;" or better still,

"A most consummate Christmas, and an utterly utter New Year."

A missive like this does not seem so strange to us when we consider the unbelievable variety of decorations more recent Yuletide cards have received. Grass, seaweed, chenille, gelatine, matches, burnt ends of cigars, keys, blown glass frosting, and simulated jewels—everything and anything that in any conceivable way could be contorted into a message of good cheer has come to us in the December mails. It is consoling to believe that now, having lost much of the vulgarity of the early twentieth century, our Christmas greeting will regain some semblance of sanity and perhaps even some of the religious content of the Victorian card.

By what process of development the greeting card grew out of the established institutions of valentines and Christ-

mas cards it is impossible to say. It is certain, however, that its progress has been a rapid one. A little over a decade ago a publisher was not able to afford a staff to compose his verses and design his cards; he was entirely dependent upon the unskilled efforts of free-lance contributors. Today he has a regular group of artists and composers who receive regular wages to rack their brains at regular hours, and in addition he pays thousands of free-lance contributors for their products. Whereas the Christmas card profits formerly accounted for most of the producers' annual meal ticket, ambitious and enterprising manufacturers have succeeded in stretching this seasonal tidbit into a year-around canning industry. They succeeded so well, in fact, that of the billion ready-made sentiments consumed by the American public each year only thirty-five per cent are Christmas cards.

The results of the publishers' ingenuity have convinced us that publishers and their staffs are remarkable people indeed. Through their efforts society is approaching the point at which it becomes unnecessary to put pen to paper for the purpose of correspondence—which situation, incidentally, will be a crippling blow to the manufacturers of writing implements. Rare is the missive which our card producer has not foreseen. We enjoyed our weekend with Sally and her husband in their adorable new bungalow. Almost subconsciously we're considering how convenient their guest room would be should we decide to accept that bid to the dance in their town. Undoubtedly the card for the occasion is the one labeled "Thank You for Your Hospitality." It conveys our gratitude and a gentle warning with these words:

*"Your home was so delightful
And so happy was my stay,
I hope you won't be too surprised
If I come back some day."*

Compact, subtle, to the point, it wastes no words, absolves us of our duty to the hostess with neat dispatch. Or if the gift Joe sent was flowers, not we, but someone else will absorb a full quarter of an hour finding a card which makes us shudder at the lack of imagination and originality in its three brief lines which read:

*"The flowers you sent
Were lovely.
Thanks a lot."*

We receive cards ourselves, occasionally, from Susan, newly married, from the neighbor around the corner, or from Cousin Julia of Topeka, thanking us for anything from a kitchen stew-pan to our sympathy at the death of Great-Uncle Horace. With uncanny perception the publisher has anticipated our every need for correspondence.

The birthday cards and the "so-sorry-you're-ill" cards are more abundant and varied than all other types. For these two categories the composers have outdone themselves. Sister, aunt, daughter, nephew, niece, father, mother, brother, friend, grandfather, uncle, and the in-laws are felicitated on their birthdays by cards announcing the number of their years from the first to the ninety-ninth. One of these came to me. It abruptly accused, "So you're twenty today." Instead of responding to my first impulse to say, "So what?" and thrust the blatant thing into the waste basket, I succumbed to curiosity, opened it, and immediately regretted my unadvised action. The verse was this:

Meet Me at
KRESS

W. C. U. N. C. HEADQUARTERS

*"Everyone knows it's the sweet little bud
That makes such a beautiful rose.
Happy Birthday!"*

Not all, of course, are as bad as this. The comic cards, preferred by most men and many women, are usually rather amusing in their absurdity. Their favorite medium of expression is through animals. Thus three rollicking, roly-poly puppies may grin provokingly from a card with sentiment:

*"I am sending my wish
By these three little poodles.
May you have lots of birthdays,
Just oodles and oodles."*

Just why anyone would prefer a rhymed, puppy-laden card to a brief note which in two words could do more than what all three puppies and the rhyme accomplished is beyond the powers of divination. But the card unquestionably achieving first prize for inanity was one which stated:

*"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.
If the card don't thrill ya
The greeting must!
Happy Birthday!"*

Even this display, however, has not exhausted the talents of the producer. For those who have difficulty remembering birthday dates there is a card entitled, "Belated Birthday Greeting"; or better yet, if the month escapes the memory, there is one which states frankly that the sender has forgotten the date, but he's quite sure it is sometime this season.

The "get-well" cards with their jovial, undisguised attempts to cheer the ill one are an unending source of amusement to us who are well enough to enjoy them; but for an invalid, their remedial effects are doubtful. For instance, we might question the benefits to a man who is desperately trying to ignore the very subject to be obtained from a card like this:

*"Enjoy your leisure while you can
'Cause when you're through with pills,
You'll have to work like merry hell
To pay those doctor bills."*

Other cards, milder in character, carry out specific personal details, regretting our measles, our mumps, our tonsils, our appendix, or whatever it is that is annoying us. They make an unheard of variety of threats and promises, and use as decoration anything from aspirin tablets to horse shoes. Probably their greatest merit is that they permit no account of the sender's operations or illnesses and no comparisons of symptoms or gifts of free advice.

The assortment of cards for additional purposes is appalling. They clutter our lives at every turn. They radiate happiness for the mother-to-be, announce showers for her, and convey her appreciation in return. They welcome the new baby according to its sex and order of birth, congratulate the entire family, and are particularly solicitous concerning the welfare of the new father. They arrive for a christening, for confirmation, and for graduation. They reconcile lovers, mend quarrels, and offer apologies. They predict great marital happiness, accompany the couple on their honeymoon, and welcome them home to their new apartment. There are success cards

generously desiring success in everything, or specifically hoping for success in the new job. There are cards for your stamp-collecting neighbor or your insurance man's anniversary. They celebrate occasions from an installation in office to a mothers' day for wives, from the day of a businessman's retirement to a fathers' day for uncles. There are tender, sentimental tributes to friendship of which the following is a saccharine example:

*"It doesn't matter very much
Though miles may sever,
It doesn't matter if we're not
Always together
Because wherever we may be,
Beyond a doubt,
We'll feel the kindly, friendly thought
That reaches out."*

There are cards bearing apologies for neglected correspondence, promising dutifully to speed the long-overdue letter on its way. One of these promises conveys this conscience-stricken sentiment:

*"I ought to come to see you,
I ought to write a letter,
I ought to do a lot of things,
My 'ought to' should be better.
But I'm thinking of you constantly,
And if you'll pardon my neglect,
Soon a long and newsy letter
From me you can expect."*

Were the expected letter as lame as the meter of the verse, it is doubtful that the missive would arrive.

Not content even with this conglomeration of sentiment, however, the producers, never far behind national developments, have brought forth a new topic of universal appeal. The new card is to the soldier in camp, be he brother or boy friend. It entreats him to write home, to make the best of it, to remember his old sweetheart, or to expect his best pal to join him soon.

And thus we have almost attained perfection in evading personal correspondence. It remains only to call in a public stenographer to type your signature or to make your mark on the inside page. Gone is the day when the fond correspondent labored long and diligently to find and phrase properly the words of her letter. This task has become the duty of the publisher's staff who are well-stocked with allegedly clever, ready-made phrases. The receiver of the message is in duty bound to feel, not indignant at such impersonal and indifferent treatment, but sincere gratitude and appreciation for the minutes of valuable time consumed in the search for just the right

(Continued on next page)

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---	--

North Elm at Jefferson Square

card. If we assume that the advent of the omnipresent greeting card is an invention of sharp-witted publishers for the exploitation and encouragement of a pen-lazy, idle-minded citizenry, then before a handful of years have slipped through our fingers, we may see the greeting card invade the business world. The efficient businessman will have by his desk a card index to which he can turn at a moment's notice for the precise communication he desires.

An unsatisfactory employee may find in his morning's mail a card like this:

*"Your work just has not satisfied us,
We regret to say;
We no longer need your services.
Enclosed is two weeks' pay."*

Or on the first of the month, the outgoing mails may contain certain information:

"A REMINDER

*You're one of our best customers;
We feel you won't forget
The twelve-fifty you owed last May
And haven't paid us yet."*

The employee will also find the published card of invaluable aid in expressing himself. Might not he select this card to convey his request to his boss?

"TO MY RESPECTED EMPLOYER

*My attitude you say is fine.
My work you're quick to praise.
Then if I am so valuable
How 'bout a ten-buck raise?"*

The prediction of rhyming business correspondence, to those of us who do not consider the greeting card a pre-

requisite to the fuller life, arouses panic in our breasts and invokes an overwhelming desire to force the publishers and composers alike to consume large quantities of their profuse strains of unpremeditated drivel. Only our peace-loving, law-abiding souls restrain us from rash or vicious acts. The most that we can do is contain our ire, plead for better verse writers, and demand respite from silly, halting, insipid rhymes. Could the originator of the valentine and Sir Henry Cole, father of the Christmas card, have foreseen the ultimate result of their inspirations, we are confident that they would have continued in the tradition of hand-written and verbal communication. Our present position is not, however, insupportable; with patience we can bear bad verses and garish colors. We admit that we enjoy our Christmas cards and valentines; and since birthdays come but once a year, we can contrive to endure those too. But we feel that there is one innovation which will at a blow exhaust all of our carefully controlled patience and fortitude, and that is the production of an appropriately designed and decorated card for the benefit of the overworked college professor. Perhaps it will read thus:

"TO MY DEAR STUDENT

*If you'll recall the time you spent
And just how little your work meant,
I'm sure that you'll agree with me,
You barely pass the course with D."*

This, we believe, would be the greeting card to end all greeting cards. Our one chance of salvation, the hope to which we cling by which we may escape this ignoble fate, is that ere this the ingenious publisher will become sated with his own products and will find other profits less damaging to art than the canned sentiment.

—THE END—



PRINTERS OF THE CORADDI

The "LUMINOUS HALO"

(Continued from page 23)

But impressionism is only a method; in the first of her novel and in previous novels, Woolf has exalted it to an end in itself. In doing so, she has set up an art form that is as purely photographic of one aspect of life, consciousness, as Emile Zola's is of another. This treatment of the impressions that race through the consciousness is no more an interpretation of life, or a "seeing life wholly" than the picturing of social conditions. Woolf's question, "Is it not the task of the novelist to convey this varying, this unknown and uncircumscribed spirit, whatever aberration or complexity it may display, with as little mixture of the alien and external as possible?" calls forth another question, "But shall the novel stop here, with merely opening up the world of the 'quick of the mind'? Is it not the task of the novelist, in addition, to view life wholly; or more than giving mirror-like reproduction of one aspect of life, to interpret life?" And, as Fernandez says, "If the spiritual world is not a procession of ordered and ineluctable causes, is it then only a kaleidoscope of impressions the incoherence of which constitutes the foundation of things?"

In the last two-thirds of the book, on the other hand, form is subordinated to its rightful place of method. The novel is the story of an outdoor pageant given in an English village on a day in June, 1939, and of the hatred and love of Isabella and Giles. At the last act of the village pageant, the philosophical intent of what he has been reading as a typical Woolf novel, a picturing of the "luminous halo," breaks like a cloudburst upon the umbrella-less reader. The village pageant is only a picture of the pageant life in which all men and all nature act—a pageant of which the theme is unity and diversity.

Like T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land*, *Between The Acts* is a study of a transitional or twilight age. History is seen as a vast system of act and entr'acte. A Chaucerian Age, an Elizabethan Age, a Victorian Age is an act; such an age binds all men together; but in the interval between the acts, mankind disperses, individual man loses his unity as the group falls apart, and fragments from many ages crowd upon men in the interval when they are "neither Victorians nor themselves . . . suspended, without being, in limbo." The similarity between Virginia Woolf's and T. S. Eliot's description of a transitional age is striking. Both emphasize the lack of unity of the individual personality and the crowding upon it of all ages and all personalities, which it sees like the fragmentary colors in a kaleidoscope.

. . . I am not (said one) in my perfect mind . . .
Another, Reason am I . . . And I? I'm the old top
hat . . . Home is the hunter, home from the hill . . .
Home? Where the miner sweats and the maiden
faith is rudely strumpeted . . . Sweet and low: sweet
and low, wind of the western sea . . . Is that a dag-
ger that I see before me? . . . The owl hoots and the
ivy mocks tap-tap-tapping on the pane . . .

Woolf sees human life as a three-ply weaving of emotions. The statement of Isabella as she watched the pageant seems to be a theory behind the act—entr'acte picture of history that Woolf gives:

Did the plot matter? She shifted and looked over her right shoulder. The plot was only there to beget

emotion. There were only two emotions: love, and hate . . .

Peace was the third emotion. Love. Hate. Peace. Three emotions made the ply of human life.

The pageant ended with a picture of the present day, 1939; with a picture of civilization falling and being rebuilt by man; with an accusing question of an anonymous, megaphonic voice, ". . . ask how's this wall, the great wall, which we call, perhaps miscall, civilization, to be built by . . . orts, scraps and fragments like overselves?"; with the interpretation of the pastor of the village church, "Surely, we should unite?" As in *The Waste Land*, the keynote of *Give* is sounded; the individual should give to the whole. But at the very end, the hatred and love of parts of humanity—and the triple ply of life, love, hatred, peace—are pictured in the hatred and love of Isa and Giles. "Before they slept, they must fight; after they had fought, they would embrace. From that embrace another life might be born. But first they must fight, as the dog fox fights with the vixen, in the heart of darkness, in the fields of night." This description ties in with the description Woolf gives of Europe in 1939, bristling like a hedgehog, "bristling with guns, poised with planes."

The novel closes with the simple words, "Then the curtain rose. They spoke." These words reverberate in the reader's mind, combine with the symbolism of the woman and the man and of the acts and entr'actes of the pageant life; and for the reader they symbolize the new age after the twilight age. Today the curtain has risen on the fighting in "the fields of night"; the twilight interlude which Virginia Woolf pictured is over.

The philosophy of the novel is not well assimilated. It comes partly through the play, but is not self-explanatory: the philosophy is really presented in the explanations of the newspaper reporter, the megaphonic voice, the pastor, and in the conversation of the audience. But in *Between The Acts* Woolf has escaped from the limitation of the "luminous halo." Lucy, with her interest in prehistoric man; the pageant, with its scenes from English history and its prophecy; Isa and Giles, woman and man, two parts of humanity with hatred and love for each other, link the concrete story with humanity as a whole, past and present and future, and make the novel an interpretation of the universe, a "transfiguration" of life.

—THE END—

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PINK STARS

(Continued from page 27)

smile never left her face. Had he asked someone else? She just mustn't make a fool of herself now. "But you've probably asked someone else by now?"

Coach shifted from his leaning position against the desk and looked down at Alfreda. She looked up at him smiling with a fixed, hurting smile. The polka dots on his tie made her dizzy. Larry wouldn't be caught dead in a tie like that.

Her father's voice was distinct from the next room. She liked his quiet, assured voice better than that of any person she knew of.

Coach's eyes had little crinkles at the corners, and his face was beginning to glow. Was he going to tease her, or would he say what she wanted him to say? What he must say!

"You shouldn't have broken your date, Freda. But now that you have, I can't say that I'm sorry. No, I haven't asked anyone else; I hadn't anyone else that I wanted to ask."

Alfreda tried not to shout in exultation and relief. Briefly she squeezed his hand; murmured a "See you later," and dashed out of the office.

Out on the sidewalk, she slowed down her run to a walk. The flush left her face, and her shoulders sagged. What if Coach were going to take her to the dance? Larry would be there with Kitty. Larry didn't think she was as pretty as Kitty.

Then she suddenly squared her shoulders and lifted her head. Well, she was just as pretty as Kitty. She was a whole lot prettier, to tell the truth. She'd look so lovely at the dance that Larry would leave Kitty and come to her. The lights would be low, and he'd look at her worshipfully. He'd bend closer and whisper in her ear, "Alfreda, you're the very prettiest girl in all the world."

—THE END—

WE THE WOMEN



EDITOR'S NOTE: This scene from *We The Women* shows Laura Stuart, the poetic proto-type of Mrs. Lula Martin McIver, teaching Martha Tandy, a farm child, how to read. The accompanying portion of the first scene reveals the old and modern ideas on education in the eighties.

Dr. Stuart: I still don't know why in tarnation I let you drag me way off out here, Laura. It's almost supper time and you know how your mother is about meal-times!

Laura: I know and I'm sorry—but I just had to show you . . .

Dr. Stuart: Show me what?

Laura: Martha Tandy. I've taught her to read. Every Saturday, she slips away from the field and we sit under that big tree and we read all my old primers. Why I can tell, just since we've been reading together, she's beginning to notice the ugliness, and the dirt and to want to do something about it.

Dr. Stuart: O, I know you meant well in doing all this, Laura. But aren't you a little afraid that you're really hurting Martha—making her dissatisfied with her own lot—giving her a taste of things she can't ever hope to have really? God put Martha Tandy out here on this farm just as He gave you to us, and we should be awfully careful how we tamper with the ways of Divine Providence.

Laura: No, Father, no! Didn't God make Martha Tandy a human being, a girl just like me—a girl who'd look as good as me if her clothes were neat and clean. God didn't mean for any of His creatures to live like that—born in ugliness in the dark and dying gratefully into a deeper dark!

Martha (*coming up and listening to Laura. Her face, habitually dull and expressionless, is not aglow with the refecation of Laura's passion.*): In the dark—the deep dark—

Dr. Stuart (*turning to Martha*): Why hello there, Martha! Laura was getting so excited we didn't hear you come.

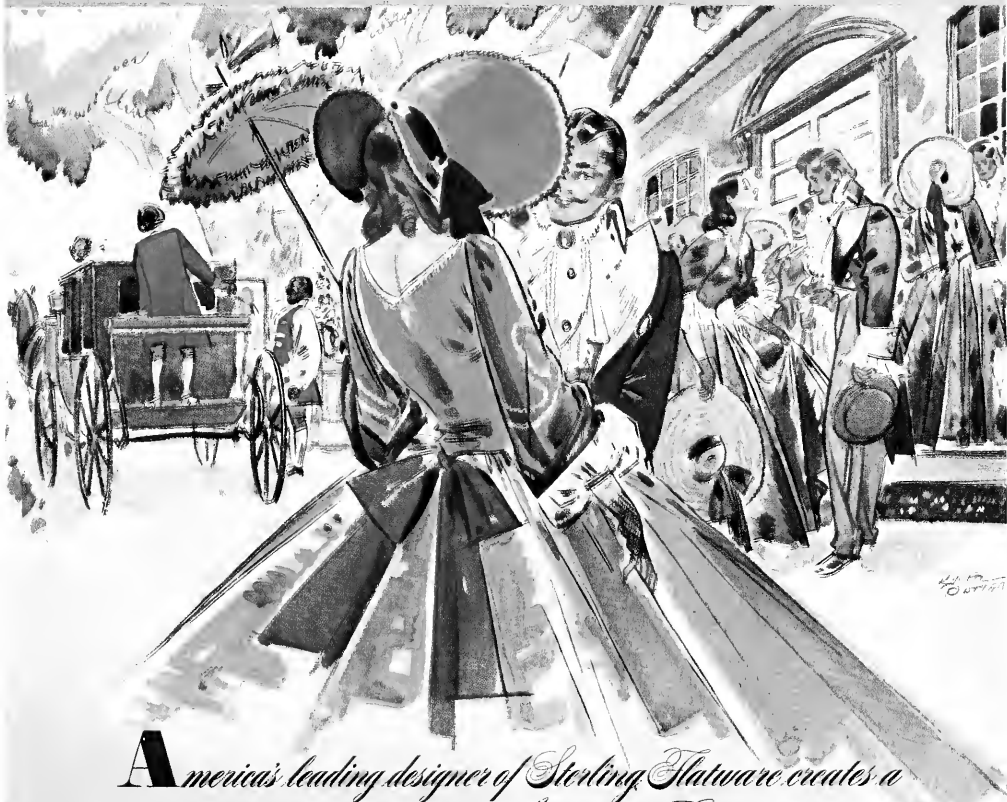
Martha (*shyly but with shining directness*): Yes, Dr. Stuart, I been awatchin' fer you. I come to bring Miss Laura the book she loaned me. (*She is holding a thin primer carefully in front of her.—In a rush to Laura.*): I read it all, Miss Laura.

Laura: Good, Martha! And I've brought you another book this time. And, Martha, this book—it's yours now—to keep.

Martha (*taking the book*): *The Pilgrim's Progress!*

Laura: Yes, *The Pilgrim's Progress*. It's the story of a man who wanted something very much and through his own courage and strength of will and the help of Almighty God—he is successful. I wish I could stay now and help you get started with it, but it's getting late. I'll be back Saturday.

Martha: Good-bye, Miss Laura. I'll be alookin' fer you.



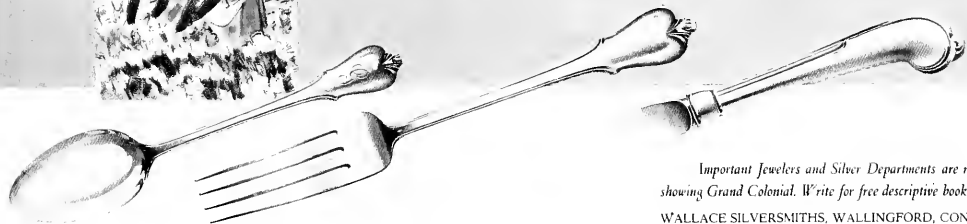
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